# Bellefonte Republican.

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### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, March 20, 1893.

A secret conference of democratic Senators was held at the residence of one of their number within the last fourty-eight hours and it may prove the first step towards a war between the President and the Senate as bitter and relentless as that which was a part of President Andrew Johnson's administration. The most notable thing about the secret conference was the absence of such pronounced opponents of the administration as Senator Hill, Murphy and Pugh. Although absent these Senators are in sympathy with the objects of the conference and it is believed that they kept away purposely, in order that certain Senators disposed to be conservative might be induced to attend. What was stated to have been the immediate cause of the calling of the conference was the notice served upon Senators by Mr. Cleveland that he reserved the right to "turn down" applicants for office even when they were indorsed by both Senators and the entire state delegation in the House. In other words, that Congressional influence would not count unless the bearer of it was otherwise satisfactory to the appointing power. That was the last straw. "This man intends to humilitate us and to break down our power at home," said indignant democratic Senators to each other, "and unless we intend to retire at the end of out terms we must fight." Nothing definite was determined at the conference, which was held for a free interchange of opinion as to what ought to be done, but a majority favored sending Mr. Cleveland word in unmistakable language that unless he would agree to allow the Senators to exercise their old time privilege of controlling, when acting in concert with the Reprensentatives from their states, the federal patronage of their respective states, they proposed to make war on him by rejecting his nominations to office. Although no formal resolution to that effect was adopted by the conference the talk of those who took part—about twenty Senators—has been fully reported to Mr. Cleveland, and the few who are in the secret are anxiously waiting to see which side, if either, will first show the white feather. If Mr. Cleveland does it will be the first time he has allowed himself to be whipped without a fight.

Secretary Hoke Smith is ambitious of becoming known to fame as a headsman. In addition to accepting the resignation of Gen. Raum, as Commissioner of Pensions, in advance of the appointment of his successor—an unusual proceeding—he has asked for the resignation of all the division chiefs in the General Land Office. That's going at a much more rapid pace than the rest of the cabinet have yet struck.

Republican officials seem to enjoy the confidence of this administration to a marked extent. For two days last week the War and Navy Departments were in charge of Assistant Secretaries Grant and Soley, respectively, while Secretaries Lamont and Herbert were out of the city.

Uncle Jerry Rusk has been taking advantage of his vacation to do a little sight seeing in Washington, which he never had an opportunity to do during the four years he was Secretary of Agriculture. Although his office was within a stone's throw of the Washington monument he never enjoyed the view from the top until since he was promoted to be a private citizen.

The administration is trying to be very mysterious about its policy towards Hawaii but it can be stated on good authority that it has had two separate and distinct policies within a week. The first of last week ex-Congressman Blount, of Georgia, who while he was chairman of the House committee on Foreign Affairs was an outspoken opponent of annexation, was started for Hawaii with authority and instructions to repudiate the protectorate established by minister Stevens and to haul down the American flag, in order to see whether the provisional government was strong enough to stand alone while negotiating with this government. Later information was received by the administration to the effect that Great Britian's officials were prepared the moment the protection of the United States was officially with drawn to restore the deposed Queen to the throne under a British protectorate. A cabinet meeting was at once called and its members made the fact very plain to the President that if he allowed Great Britain to get peacable control of Hawaii his administration would be denounced from the Atlantic to the Pacific for such an un-American policy. So an entire set of new instructions were prepared and sent by telegraph to intercept Mr. Blount at San Francisco. In these new instructions he was told to recognize the existing protectorate, while he scours Hawaii for reasons against annexation. As he sails from San Francisco to-day or to-morrow his instructions cannot again be changed even if the administration should take another somersault.

Every train that goes out of Washington is loaded with disappointed office seekers, but as every train which arrives is also loaded with office seekers there is little or no dimunition in the crowd which daily besieges the White House and the Departments.

### TEMPERANCE MEETING LAST SUNDAY.

A grand rally for temperance was held in the Court house last Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at which it had been announced on Saturday that Rev. C. C. McCabe (Chaplain McCabe) would speak. The meeting was held under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and B. T. U. The house was packed to its utmost capacity and hundreds went away, not being able to get inside the doors. Myer's orchestra was present to enliven the scene with their fine music. Chaplain McCabe also sang several pieces to the delight of the vast audience; he is a singer of marvelous power and sweetness. Elliot Harvey, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., presided with his usual grace. Rev. A. J. Kynett, D. D., of New York, was the first speaker. Some charged that his speach was political but if it was it was very interesting and entirely free from partisan bias. He was followed by Rev. C. C. McCabe. His remarks were very eloquent and went right to the hearts of the people. He endorsed all that had been said by the previous speaker and told his story in such an eloquent and pathetic manner as to bring tears to the eyes of many of the hearers. A collection was taken up to defray expenses and at the close the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, By the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity in mass meeting assembled, that we respectfully momorialize the Legislature now in session in Harrisburg to so modify the liquor laws of this State as that the citizens of each county in the commonwealth, and of the several wards in cities of the first and second class, shall have the right to determine whether the traffic in intoxicating liquors shall or shall not be licensed under existing laws.

### A NOBLE HUSBAND.

The historian Xenophen relates that when Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, had taken captive a young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming wife, of whom he was remarkably fond, they were brought before the tribunal of Cyprus to receive their sentence. The warrior inquired of the prince what he would give to be reinstated in his kingdom, and he replied that he valued his crown and his liberty at a very low rate, but if the noble conqueror would restore his beloved wife to her former dignity and possessions he would willingly pay his life for the purchase. The prisoners were dismissed to enjoy their freedom and former honors, and each was lavish in praise of the conqueror. "And you," said the prince, addressing his wife, "what think you of Cyrus? "I did not observe him," she replied. "Not observe him!" exclaimed her husband. "Upon whom. then, was your attention fixed?" "Upon that dear and generous man," she replied, "who declared his readiness to purchase my liberty at the expense of his life."

### SEVENTEEN BABIES IN EIGHT YEARS

Mrs. Ellsworth Miller, of Cold Spring, recently presented her husband with triplets, two girls and a boy. During the last eight years and seven months Mrs. Miller has become the mother of seventeen children. She has had three sets of triplets. three pairs of twins and two single births.

Mrs. Miller is thirty-one years old. She was born in New York, her maiden name being Ferris. She was married to Mr. Miller on October 10, 1883. Eight of the seventeen children are living.

Mrs. Miller has an aunt who has been the mother of twenty-one children, ten of them being quintuplets.

SINCE the reciprocity treaty with Puerto Rico was made, 16 months ago, the 31st of December, 1892, the exports from the United States to that island have been $3,484,033, as compared with $3,003.674, the exports for the previous 16 months ending August 31, 1891, an increase of $479,359.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY with Brazil had been in effect 21 months on the 31st of December, 1892, during which period the exports to that country were valued at $23,392,201, as compared with $22,147,326, an increase of $1,244,875 over the 21 months ending March 31, 1891.

—Joshua Foulk, of Bellefonte, was made happy last Wednesday morning by the arrival of a young republican at his house. Mother and boy are doing well.

### CLEVELAND PRESCRIBED.

Mr. Cleveland, it is said with an air of authority, has determined that democratic editors shall not be generally recognized by his administration. This is ingratitude. Mr. Cleveland was made a conspicuous political quantity by democratic editors. A democratic editor, the late Daniel Manning, discovered him, and Daniel Lamont, another democratic editor, assisted in making him "a man of destiny." Democratic editors have fought for Cleveland and won all his victories in political campaigns, and they have seen him take all the spoils of success.

Why should these men be prescribed? Have they not consistently sounded the praises of Cleveland from the day of his election as Mayor of Buffalo to the date of these presents? Did not the democratic editors insist on his nomination for Governor and President in spite of the advice and protest of many democratic politicians?

Are not democratic editors better qualified to hold office than the average democratic politicians? Are not the democratic editors the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the party? The apparently authentic announcement of the policy of disappointment that the President will pursue in regard to democratic editors is an insult to all of them.

We have already spoken of the statement that the President is very much averse to again appointing any of the men to whom he gave an office during his first administration. Here, again, he is ungrateful as well as illogical. If he should have a second term, why should not other democrats be so preferred? What chance of being nominated at Chicago would he have had if his first term officials had not rallied as one man to his support? Would not the banner of the "snappers" have towered high in victory at Chicago if ex-Secrefary of the Navy Whitney and ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild had not led the "anti-snapper" cohorts that like a wolf on the fold swept down upon the machine "snappers" and crushed them in defeat?

Perhaps in this proscription of former office holders we may find an explanation of the absence of men like Messrs. Whitney and Fairchild from Washington since Mr. Cleveland renewed his residence in that city.

It would appear that the administration has determined to prescribe a third class namely, women. Secretary Carlisle has removed ten women clerks in his department, and Secretary Morton is reported to have had prepared a list of sixty or seventy women clerks in his department who are to be removed. The places of these women will go to very hungry and thirsty democrats who can vote. Some of the women who are to be made victims of the policy of proscription are the widows and daughters of Union veterans. Others are the sole support of defendent Union soldiers.

A fourth class who have but little to hope for from Mr. Cleveland, it is said, are the drinking men. This proscription will dash the hopes of a greater number of genuine old-fashioned democrats than all the others. We would be surprised if sufficient members of the democratic party could be found in Kentucky to fill the Federal offices in that State, unless the rule be relaxed.

Another edict is to the effect that effect that consuls must be me of intelligence. This will obviously result in the retention of a great many Republicans.

Up to date, editors, ex-office holders, women, drunkards, ex-officials and ignorant men have been put in the proscribed classes by the administration.

### CLEVER ADVERTISERS.

Devise a sufficiently worthless scheme, says the Argonaut, and thete is money in getting up anvertising dodges. Enough merchants will always be found who will patronize "programs," "souvenirs," and kindred snaps, without once considering their value as advertising mediums. Yet they will never think of investing in the class of advertising that will bring an adequate return. The only advertising that pays is that which the people will see at the time when they have leisure to look at it; and the newspaper is the only medium for this. An illustration of this readiness to take up worthless schemes has recently been presented by the success of a smart advertising fakir who conceived the idea of announcing a game of foot-ball between the teams of the Olympic Club and the Stanford University, and then busied himself soliciting for advertisements to be printed in a "souvenir" to be sold at the game. There was never any chance of such a game being played; the whole idea existed only in the fakir's fervid imagination. But that is not the really interesting feature of the affair. The curious point is that business men actually imagined that anybody would have time to look at a program at a foot-ball game! As well imagine a man selecting the back of an unbroken mustang to take a quiet siesta. But this clever fakir found a sufficient number of merchants willing to pay for the privilege of being buried in the obscurity of his "souvenir" to guarantee him a handsome profit without the necessity of selling any copies. In fact, he circulated none. Yet these same advertisers are always doubtful about the merits of advertising in reputable journals which are carefully read, thoroughly prepared, and circulated by scores of thousands of copies.

### PROSPEROUS MECHANICS.

We so often hear it said that "smart" men no longer adopt mechanical professions or pursuits, that we fear many young men may be misled and many older ones disappointed with their choice of occupation. It is true that many of our "smart" men will not adopt any calling imposing any considerable toil upon them. They want to get along by their wits, not their muscle.

Surely, well-meaning boys should not be guided by the action of such chaps. There are others who are not lazy or careless how they make money, but who are over-fastidious, and who consider old clothes, grease, dirt and honest, manual toil degrading, even though it requires much brain work also. They may be nice fellows, but they seldom amount to much, and very, very often come at last to that alleged degredation so carefully shunned in their youth. It is not to be expected that such men will ever enter a shop.

Those who talk most about men of ability steering clear of mechanics think that all the ability comes from the upper middle, as generally known, and aristocratic classes. The proportion of such people who now take up mechanical work is greater than it ever was, but the pessimists do not consider that the poor, from which class the shops are recruited largely, furnish more brains and genius than the comparatively well-to-do-classes.

Drones and easy-going men will not progress in any walk of life, and there are many mechanics as well as men of other callings who get along poorly. But, on the other hand, there are many professional men, clerks, accountants, &c., who would be far better off if they were skilled workmen in some mechanical capacity. There are instances without number of mechanics rising from a humble position in the shop to great power, influence and wealth by using their brains and applying themselves to the work in hand. How many have exempted themselves from daily toil by inventions, and by starting in business for themselves in a small way? Thousands in every State.

There are whole wards in Cleveland owned principally by mechanics, who have bought their homes, furnished them comfortably, many elegantly, and sent their children to school, often to college, on their wages. They are in better shape with better prospests of ease in the future, than the majority of small merchants and salaried store and office help. There are, in fact, few men so independent as a first-class machinist, sober, reliable and industrious, who owns his home, has some money in the bank, and a business like administration of household affairs. How many doctors, lawyers and other men who when they were turning the corner of boyhood, would call him a "poor fool" for learning a trade, instead of going to some "'varsity" and getting crammed for a profession, would now be glad to swap positions with this man. You can find them in every block, every square, in a city or town.

The one who has in him the mettle to succeed on the line of his natural adaptability and preference will find, if his ability lies in the mechanical direction, that there is a broader and indefinitely better opportunity for emolument in the machine shop now than at any previous perion.—*Scientific Machinist.*

### AN INFAMOUS ACT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

The *Bulletin of American Iron and Steel Association* says: "The Superintendent of the Bureau of Immigration has been officially advised that the British Government has released a dynamiter named Galla, undergoing an 18 years' sentence, on condition that he will emigrate to the United States. Instructions have been sent to all Commissioners of Immigration to be on the watch for Galla and return him if caught."

SINCE THE RECIPROCITY TREATY with Cuba was made, 16 months ago the 31st of December last, the exports from the United States to that island have been $28,869,263, as compared with $15,886,355 for the 16 months ending August 31, 1891, an increase of $12,982,908.

Geno, Nevada, has a brass band that is composed of 16 "beautiful young women."

### SHORT TARIFF SERMON.

#### A SIMPLE TEST.

A nation, whose people have cleared its lands, built its mills and shops and mechanism, opened its beds of ores and coal, and are paying its debts and taxes, cannot be expected to admit foreigners, who have no share in these tasks or burthens, to its markets on equal terms with its own citizens. A Tariff is a means of asking them to pay reasonably for the privilege of bringing in their products, and at the same time of building up home industries and giving employ and independence to the people. Nothing obtruse or complicated in all this.

We are to look at this Protective Tariff matter as it is practiced now, and as it now affects people and nations, especially our own conutry—going back to the past for such facts as may help to comprehend the present. In the dark ages of personal government by royal despots exclusive privileges of making, or dealing in, salt, woolens, &c., were farmed out to favorites. The people had no rights, their interest was not counted; the only question was, how much extortion will they bear?

Wealth was won by the sword, and the rude loom and the poor tillage of the soil were left to women and slaves, and to the lame and halt not fit to be soldiers. Duties were levied, now and then, on exports or imports, with no thought or care for anything save to raise money. Tariffs for revenue only, advocated by modern Free-Traders, are relics of the barbaric ignorance of those dark days when the artificer was despised and the robber warrior exalted.

Then came slowly a recognition of the national importance of building up great industries, and legislation to that end. England, for instance, had a rigid system of Tariffs for centuries, highly Protective and with special prohibitions such as no country to-day would enact. The influence of legislation on the people fortunately enters more into the governmental acts of all civilized nations now than in the past, and especially is that the case in this republican conutry. By the test is this matter to be tried. If our Protective Tariff system works for the benefit of favored manufacturers, giving wealthy capitalists unjust monopolies and privileges at the cost of their employes and of the people, helping to enrich the few at the expense of the many, it is not fit to live a day. If it helps to build up great and varied domestic industries; to employ labor at higher wages than elsewhere to perfect and cheapen the products of our mills by a healthy competition; to open a larger and better home market for our farmers; to develop our great natural resources; to furnish revenue to our Government; to help our financial and industrial independence, and to enrich and enlarge the daily thought and life of the people, it should be sustained. All these benefits, it is claimed, result from it.

The Tariff question is supposed by many to be obtruse and difficult, a labyrinth of facts and figures to which none can find a clue except the few who can give it long and patient study. This is a mistake; the principles involved are plain and simple. It is thought of as a dry matter of dollars and dimes in the national Treasury, and of profit and loss to great capitalists; or as a soulless thing galvanized into life now and then as the war-cry of a political campaign. It is full of vital interest and comes home to the daily life of the people. Political economy and social science should be more studied. Surely what pertains so closely to the peaceful industries which so largely fill our time should be as well understood as the poor quarrels of old kings with their ministers or mistresses, or the wars that have worse than wasted the strength of the human race.

A family pays special regard to the interest of its own members, while not oppressing or abusing others; a nation is a great family. A family earns its own expenses, or more, or decays; a nation sells as much as it buys, or decays. This is "the balance of trade." When any one can show how a family can earn $900 and pay out $1000 yearly, and still prosper, we may see how a nation can export $90,000,000 and import $100,000,000 yearly, and not grow poor.

### A CHERRY SEED THAT COST $25,000.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was one from a common cherry and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Prof. Oliver that with a glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their miters and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure. Think of it, $25,000 for a cherry seed!

### A MURDERER HANGED.

#### TRIED HARD FOR HIS PARDON.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Howard Jeffard Schmeider was hanged at 10.52 o'clock this morning for the murder of his wife Jan. 21, 1892. He was also indicted for the murder of his wife's brother but this case was never brought to trial.

The murder was one of the most sensational in the history of this district. By reason of the previous respectability of the murderer and the standing and wealth of all parties and the unremitting effort of his counsel and friends to save him from the gallows, the case has attracted wide-spread interest. The last hope was blasted yesterday when President Cleveland declined to interfere. The appeal was made on the ground of the insanity of Schneider. The President's reply was in substance that the question of sanity had been fairly and thoroughly examined and that the result was fully justified.

Owning to persistent cruelty Schneider's wife left him and went to live with her father. Schneider endeavored to induce her to return to him. Meeting her on the street Sunday evening as she was returning from church accompanied by her brother, he accosted her with a renewal of his demands. His wife reiterated her refusal to return to him and he at once drew a revolver and killed his wife and her brother. Schneider's victims were Amanda Hamlink Schneider, his young wife, and her brother, Frank Hamlink. They were the on and daughter of Derrick P. Hamlink, a retired business man of this city, and it was almost in front of the father's house that they met their assassination.

The execution took place on the scaffold in the corridor of the district jail. Schneider passed a restless night and did not touch the breakfast brought him. Rev. Parsons, of the Church of the Reformation, spent several hours this morning in the cell with Schneider, who wept bitterly and showed signs of complete collapse.

Only a few witnessed the execution. In the march to the scoffold, Schneider staggered slightly and was supported on each side by one of the jail guards. On reaching the scaffold Rev. Parsons delivered a brief prayer, the rope was adjusted about the unfortunate man's neck, the signal was given and the drop fell at 10.52.

### A SURPRISE BANQUET.

A surprise party was given to Geo. B. Brandon, of the Brockerhoff House, on Monday evening. Mr. Brandon leaves Bellefonte for Spangler on the first of April where he has built a large and beautiful hotel, and his friends in Bellefonte wanted to give him a parting tribute of their love and respect. So they got up this party. The Post G. A. R., meets on Monday night and Mr. Brandon is an earnest member. His friends saw that he was there last Monday night and not only that but kept him there until everything was fixed for his complete surprise. Mr. Henry Yeager, who has been clerk at the Brockerhoff house for years, helped the scheme along. When Mr. Brandon arrived home from the Post he found the dining room beautifully decorated and the tables set with fifty plates and every seat filled. W. C. Heinle, Esq, assisted by William Lyons, were toast masters of the evening, and when they called upon Mr. Brandon to respond he was so excited that for awhile he could not speak, but he recovered and responded in his usual genial manner. Afterwards others were called upon for remarks among whom were: Councilmen Samuel H. Williams and John C. Miller, Attorneys John M. Dale and James C. Noll, James Schofield, member of the Legislature; J. B. G. Kinsloe, editor and proprietor of the Clinton *Republican*, of Lock Haven; Lewis Grauer, William Grauer, J. N. Neubauer, George R. Meek, editor of *Watchman*, John Meese, Moyer Lyon, Charles Smith, Col. D. S. Dunham and J. S. McCargar.

—George Simms, an aged colored man of Bellefonte, died last Saturday morning at his home near the A. M. E. church in the west ward. He was brought to this town years ago by Judge Burnside and had worked during his long residence here in many of the first families. He was father-in-law to William Mills and John Emory and was over 80 years of age. He leaves a number of children. He was always a good citizen and had the respect of all.

# A TRAGEDY;

—OR—

## THE STORY OF THE CHAIN PIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

From that time I felt that my suspicion was a truth. I knew that were characters so complex that no human being could understand them. Here was a beautiful surface,—Heaven only knew what lay underneath. There was no outward brand of murder on the white brow, or red stain on the soft, white hand. But day by day the certainty grew in my mind. Another thing struck me very much. We were sitting one day quite alone on the grass near a pretty little pool of water, called "Dutton Pool,"—in some parts it was very shallow, in some very deep. Lance had gone somewhere on business, and had left us to entertain each other. I had often noticed that one of Mrs. Fleming's favorite ornaments was a golden locket with one fine diamond in the centre; she wore it suspended by a small chain from her neck. As she sat talking to me she was playing with the chain, when it suddenly became unfastened and the locket fell from it. In less than a second it was hidden in the long grass; she looked for it in silence for some minutes, then she said gently:

"I have dropped my locket, Mr. Ford; is it near you. I cannot find it?"

"Is it one you prize very much?" I asked.

"I should not like to lose it," she replied, and her face paled as searching in the long grass she saw nothing of it.

I found it in a few minutes, but it was lying open, the fall had loosened the spring. I could not help seeing the contents as I gave it to her—a round ring of pale golden hair.

"A baby's curl!" I said, as I returned it to her.

Her whole face went blood-red in one minute.

"The only thing I have belonging to my little sister," she said. "She died when I was a child."

"You must prize it," I said; but I could not keep the dryness of suspicion from my voice.

"Mrs. Fleming," I asked, suddenly, "are you, like Lance and myself, without relations?"

"Almost," she replied, briefly.

"Strange that three people should be almost alone in the world but for each other!" I said.

"I was left an orphan when I was four years old," she said. "Only Heaven knows how I have cried out upon my parents for leaving me. I never had one happy hour. Can you imagine a whole childhood passed without one happy hour?"

"Hardly," I said.

With white, nervous fingers she fastened the gold chain round her neck again.

"Not one happy hour," she said. "I was left under the care of my grandmother, a cold, proud, cruel woman, who never said a kind word to me, and who grudged me every slice of bread and butter I ate."

She looked at me, still holding the golden locket in her white fingers.

"If I had been like other girls," she said, "if I had parents to love me, brothers and sisters, friends or relatives, I should have been different. Believe me, Mr. Ford, there are white slaves in England, whose slavery is worse than that of an African child. I was one of them. I think of my youth with a sick shudder—I think of my childhood with horror—and I almost thank Heaven that the tyrant is dead who blighted my life."

Now the real woman was breaking through the mask; her face flushed, her eyes shone.

"I often talk to Lance about it," she said, "this terrible childhood of mine. I was punished for the least offence. I never heard a word of pity or affection. I never saw a look of anything but hate on my grandmother's face. No one was ever pitiful to me; fierce words, fierce blows, complaints of the burden I was, that was all my mother's mother ever gave to me. I need not say that I hated her, and learned to loathe the life I fain would have laid down. Do I tire you, Mr. Ford?"

"On the contrary, I am deeply interested," I replied.

She went on—

"My grandmother was not poor, she was greedy. She had a good income which died with her, and she strongly objected to spend it on me. She paid for my education on the condition that when I could get my own living by teaching I should repay her. Thank Heaven, I did so!"

"Then you were a governess?" I said.

"Yes; I began to get my living at fifteen. I was tall for my age, and quite capable," she said; "but fifteen is very young, Mr. Ford, for a girl to be thrown on to the world."

"You must have been a very beautiful girl," I said.

"Yes, so much the worse for me." She seemed to repent of the words as soon as they were uttered.

"I mean," she added, quickly, "that my grandmother hated me the more for it."

There was silence between us for some minutes, then she added—

"You may imagine, after such an unloved life, how I love Lance."

"He is the best fellow in the world," I said, "and the woman who could deceive him ought to be shot."

"What woman would deceive him?" she asked. "Indeed, for that matter, what woman could? I am his wife."

"It happens very often," I said, trying to speak carelessly, "that good and loyal men like Lance are most easily deceived."

"It should not be so," she said. She was startled again. I could see it in her face.

That same afternoon we drove into Vale Royal. Mrs. Fleming had several poor people whom she wished to see, and some shopping to do.

"You should take your locket to a jeweler's," I said, "and have the spring secured."

"What locket is that?" asked Lance, looking up eagerly from his paper.

"Mine," she replied—"this." She held it out for his inspection. "I nearly lost it this morning," she said; "it fell from my neck."

"Is it the one that holds your sister's hair?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, opening it and holding it out for him to see.

What nerve she had, if this was what I imagined, the hair of the little dead child." Loving Lance rose from his chair to kiss her.

"You would not like to lose that, my darling, would you?" he said. "Excepting me, that is all you have in the wide world."

They seemed to forget all about me; she clung to him, and he kissed her face until I thought he would never give over.

"How lovely you were when I found you, Frances," he said. "Do you remember the evening—you were bending over the chrysanthemums?"

"I shall forget my own life and my own soul before I forget that," she replied.

And I said to myself: "Even if my suspicion be perfectly true, have I any right to mar such love as that?" I noticed that during all the conversation about the locket, she never once looked at me.

We went to Vale Royal, and there never was man so bewildered as I. Lance proposed that we should go visiting with Mrs. Fleming.

"Get your purse ready, John," he said—"this visit will require a small fortune."

"I find the poor value kind words as much as money," said the beautiful woman.

"Then they must be very disinterested," he said, laughingly—"I should prefer money."

"You are only jesting, Lance," she said.

It was a pretty sight to see her go into those poor, little, dirty houses. There was no pride, no patronage, no condescension—she was simply sweet and natural; she listened to their complaints, gave them comfort, and relieved their wants. As I watched her, I could not help thinking to myself that if I were a fashionable or titled lady, this would be my favorite relaxation—visiting and relieving the poor. I never saw so much happiness purchased by a few pounds. We came to a little cottage that stood by itself in a garden.

"Are you growing tired?" she asked of her husband.

"I never tire with you," he replied.

"And you, Mr. Ford?" she asked.

She never overlooked or forgot me but studied my comfort on every occasion. I could have told her that I was watching what was to me a perfect problem—the kindly, gentle, pitying deeds of a woman who had, I believed, murdered her own child.

"I am not tired, Mrs. Fleming, I am interested," I said.

The little cottage, which stood in a wild patch of garden, was inhabited by a day-laborer. He was away at work; his wife sat at home nursing a little babe, a small, fair, tiny child, evidently no more than three weeks old, dying too, if one could judge from the face.

She bent over it,—the beautiful, graceful woman who was Lance's wife. Ah, Heaven! the change that came over her, the passion of mother love that came into her face; she was transformed.

"Let me hold the little one for you," she said, "while you rest for a few minutes;" and the poor young mother gratefully accepted the offer.

What a picture she made in the gloomy little room of the cottage, her beautiful face and shining hair, her rich dress sweeping the ground, and the tiny white child lying in her arms.

"Does it suffer much?" she asked, in her sweet, compassionate voice.

"It did, ma'am," replied the mother, "but I have given it something to keep it quiet."

"Do you mean to say that you have drugged it?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"Only a little cordial, ma'am," replied the mother, "nothing more; it keeps it sleeping, and when it sleeps it does not suffer."

She shook her beautiful head.

"It is a bad practice," she said; "more babies are killed by drugs than die a natural death."

I was determined she should look at me; I stepped forward and touched the child's face.

"Do you not think it is merciful at times to give a child like this drugs when it has to die; to lessen the pain of death—to keep it from crying out?"

Ah, me, that startled fear that leaped into her eyes, the sudden quiver on the beautiful face.

"I do not know," she said; "I do not understand such things."

"What can it matter," I said, "whether a little child like this dies conscious or not? It cannot pray,—it must go straight to Heaven! Do you not think anyone who loved it, and had to see it die, would think it greatest kindness to drug it?"

My eyes held hers; I would not lose their glance; she could not take them away. I saw the fear leap into them, then die away; she was saying to herself, what could I know?

But I knew. I remembered what the doctor said in Brighton when the inquest was held on the tiny white body, "that it had been mercifully drugged before it was drowned."

"I cannot tell," she replied, with a gentle shake of the head. "I only know that unfortunately the poor people use these kind of cordials too readily. I should not like to decide whether in a case like this it is true kindness or not."

"What a pretty child, Mrs. Ford; what a pity that it must die!"

Could it be that she who bent with such loving care over this little stranger, who touched its tiny face with her delicate lips, who held it, cradled it in her soft arms, was the same desperate woman who had thrown her child into the sea?

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Fleming was not at her ease with me. I found her several times watching me with a curious, intent gaze, seeking, as it were, to pierce my thoughts, to dive into my motives, but always puzzled—even as I was puzzled over her. That round of visiting made me more loath than ever to believe that I was right. Such gentle thought and care, such consideration, such real charity I had never seen before. I was not surprised when Lance told me that she was considered quite an angel by the poor. I fell ill with anxiety. I never knew what to say or think.

I did what many others in dire perplexity would do, I went to one elder, wiser, and better than myself, a white-haired old minister, whom I had known for many years, and in whom I had implicit trust. I mentioned no names, but I told him the story.

He was a kind-hearted, compassionate man, but he decided that the husband should be told.

Such a woman, he said, must have unnatural qualities. Could not possibly be one fitted for any man to trust. She might be insane. She might be subject to mania—a thousand things might occur which made it, he thought, quite imperative that such a secret should not be withheld from her husband.

Others had had a share in it, and there was no doubt but that it would eventually become known; better hear it from the lips of a friend than from the lips of a foe.

"Perhaps," he advised, "it might be as well for you to speak to her first; it would give her a fair chance."

If it were not true, she could deny it, although if she proved to be innocent, and I had made a mistake, I deserved what I should no doubt get; if she were guilty and owned it, she would have some warning at least. That seemed to me the best plan, if I could speak to her, break it to her in some way or other.

A few more days passed. If any doubt was left on my mind, what happened one morning at breakfast would have satisfied me. Lance had taken up the paper. I was reading some letters, and Mrs. Fleming making tea.

Lance looked suddenly from his paper.

"I used to think drink was the greatest curse in England," he said.

"Have you changed your opinion?" I asked.

"I have. I think now the crying sin of the country is child-murder."

As he uttered the words, his wife was just in the act of pouring some cream into my cup; It did not surprise me that the pretty silver jug and the cream all fell together. Lance laughed aloud.

"Why, Frances," he cried; "I have never seen you do such a clumsy thing before."

She was deadly pale, her hand shaking.

"I have frightened myself," she said, "and no wonder with such a noise."

A servant came, who made everything right.

Then Lance continued, "You interrupted me, Frances. I was just saying that child-murder is one of the greatest blots on the civilization of the present day."

"It is such a horrible thing to speak of," she said, feebly.

"It wants some speaking about," said Lance. "I never take up a paper without reading one or two cases. I wonder that Government does not take it up and issue some decree or other. It is a blot on the face of the land."

"I do not suppose that any decree of Government would change it," I said, "the evil lies too deeply for that; the law should be made equal; as it is the whole blame, shame, and punishment fall on the woman, while the man goes free; there will be no change for the better, while that is the case. I have no patience to think of the irregularity of the law."

"You are right, John," said my old friend. "Still, cruelty in a woman is so horrible, and the woman must be as cruel as a demon who deserts or slays her own child. If I had my own way I would hang everyone who does it; there would soon be an end of it then."

There was a low, startled cry and the paper fell to the ground. Mrs. Fleming rose from her chair with a ghastly face.

"Frances," cried her husband, "what is the matter?"

"You will talk of such horrible things," she replied, vehemently, "and you know that I cannot bear them."

"Sweetheart," he whispered, as he kissed her, "I will be more careful. I know a sensitive heart like yours cannot bear the knowledge of such things. You must forgive me, Frances, but to me there is something far more loathing in the woman who kills a child than in the woman who slays a man. Do not look so pale and grieved, my darling! John, we must be more careful what we say."

"I must beg you to remember that you began the subject, Lance."

"I am ashamed of making such a fuss," she continued, "but there are some subjects too horrible even to dwell upon or speak of, and that is one. I am going into the garden, Lance; perhaps you and Mr. Ford would like your cigars there? I am going to prune a favorite rose tree that is growing wild."

"Do you understand pruning, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked.

"Such small things as rose trees," she replied.

"We will follow you, Frances," said her husband. "My case is empty; I must get some more cigars."

I fancied that she was unwilling to leave us together. She lingered a few minutes, then went out. Then simple, honest Lance turned to me with his face full of animation.

"John, did you ever see such a tender-hearted woman in your life? She is almost too sensitive."

My suspicions were certainties now, and my mind was more than ever tossed and whirled in tortured doubt and dread. I shall never forget one evening that came soon afterwards. We went to dine with a friend of Lance's, a Squire Peyton, who lived not far away, and he was the possessor of some very fine pictures of which he was very proud. He took us through his prettily-arranged gallery.

"This is my last purchase," he said.

We all three stopped to look at a large square picture representing the mother of the little Moses placing his cradle of rushes amongst the tall reeds in the water.

I saw Mrs. Fleming look at it with eyes that were wet with tears.

"Does it sadden you?" asked Lance. "It need not do; the little one looks young and tender to be left alone, but the water is silent and the mother is near. She never left him. What a pretty story of mother-love it is!"

The beautiful face paled, the lips trembled slightly.

"It is a beautiful picture," she said, "to come from that land of darkness; it makes something of the poetry of the Nile."

Watching her, I said to myself, "that woman has not deadened her conscience; she has tried and failed. There is more good than evil in her."

All night long there sounded in my ears those words, "A life for a life!" And I wondered what would, what could be the punishment of a mother who took the life of her own child?

CHAPTER X.

This state of things could not last. A shade of fear or mistrust came in her manner to me. I must repeat, even at the risk of being wearisome, that I think no man was ever in such a painful position. Had it not been for my fore-knowledge, I should have loved Mrs. Fleming for her beauty, her goodness, and her devotion to my dear old friend. I could not bear to tell him the truth, nor could I bear that he should be so basely and terribly deceived—that he should be living with and loving one whom I knew to be a murderess. So I waited for an opportunity of appealing to herself, and it came sooner than I had expected.

One afternoon Lance had to leave us on business; he said he might be absent some few hours—he was going to Vale Royal. He asked me if I would take Mrs. Fleming out; she had complained of head-ache, and he thought a walk down by the river might be good for her. I promised to do so, and then I knew the time for speaking to her had come.

I cannot tell how it was that our walk was delayed until the gloaming, and then we went at once to the river, for no other reason that I can see, except that Lance had wished us to go there.

But to my dying day I can never forget the scene. The sky was roseate with crimson clouds, and golden with gold; the river ran swiftly, brimming full up to the banks; the glow of the sunlight lay on the hills around, on the green fields, on the distant woods, on the bank where we stood, on the tall, noble trees, on the wild flowers and blossoms. Better almost than anything else I remember a great patch of scarlet poppies that grew in the long green grass; even now, although this took place a long time ago, the sight of a crimson poppy makes my heart ache. The withered trunk of a fallen tree lay across the river's bank; one end of it was washed by the stream. Mrs. Fleming sat down upon it, and the scarlet poppies were at her feet.

"We can see nothing so pretty as the sunset over the river, Mr. Ford," she said; "let us watch it."

We sat for some few minutes in silence; the rosy glow from the sky and the river seemed to fall on her face as she turned it to the water.

The time had come; I knew that, yet only Heaven knows how I shrank from the task! I would rather have died, yet my sense of justice urged me on. Was it fair that Lance Fleming should lavish the whole love of his life on a murderess?"

"What are you thinking so intently about, Mr. Ford?" she asked me.

"Shall I tell you?" I asked.

"Yes, by all means," she replied. "I am sure the subject is very grave, you look so unhappy."

Now the time was come! That beautiful face would never look into mine again. I steeled my heart by thinking of the tiny baby face I had seen on the wooden bench of the pier—so like hers,—the little drowned face!

"I will tell you of what I am thinking, Mrs. Fleming," I said; "but I must tell it to you as a story."

"Do," she said, in a gentle voice, and she gathered the scarlet poppies as she spoke.

"There were two friends once upon a time," I began, "who loved each other with a love deeper and truer than the love of brothers."

She nodded her head with a charming smile; I saw an expression of great relief pass over her face.

"I understand," she said; "as you and Lance love each other, there is something most beautiful in the love of men."

"These two spent much time together; their interests were identical, they shared at that time the same hopes and fears. They were parted for a time, one was busy with his own affairs, the other, an invalid, went to Brighton for his health."

How the smile died away, the sun did not set more surely or more slowly than that sweet smile of interest died from her lips, but no fear replaced it at first.

"The friend who was an invalid went to Brighton, as I have said, for his health, and either fate or Providence took him one night to the Chain Pier."

I did not look at her; I dared not. My eyes wandered over the running river, where the crimson clouds were reflected like blood; but I heard a gasping sound as of breath hardly drawn. I went on.

"The Chain Pier that evening lay in the midst of soft, thick gloom; there was no sound on it save the low washing of the waves and the shrill voice of the wind as it played amongst the wooden piles. He sat silent, absorbed in thought, when suddenly a woman came down the pier,—a tall, beautiful woman, who walked to the end, and stood leaning there."

I saw the scarlet poppies fall from the nerveless hands on the green grass, but the figure by my side seemed to have suddenly turned to stone. I dare not look at her. The scene was far greater agony to me, I almost believe, than to her. I went on.—

"The woman stood there for some short time in silence; then she became restless, and looked all round to see if anyone were near.

"Then she walked to the side of the pier. She did not see the dark form in the corner; she raised something in her arms, and dropped it into the sea."

There was a sound, but it was like nothing human,—it was neither sigh nor moan, but more pitiful than either; the poppies lay still on the grass, and a great hush seemed to have fallen over the river.

"Into the sea," I repeated, "and the man, as it fell, saw a shawl of black and grey."

She tried to spring up, and I knew that her impulse was to rush to the river. I held her arms, and she remained motionless; the very air around us seemed to beat with a passionate pulse of pain.

"There was a faint splash in the water," I went on; "it was all over in less than a second, and then the swift waves rolled on as before. The woman stood motionless. When she turned to leave the spot the moon shone full on her face,—ghastly, desperate, and beautiful,—he saw it as plainly as I see the river here. She cried aloud as she went away, 'Oh, my God, if I dare—if I dare!' Can you tell what happened? Listen how wonderful are the ways of God, who hates murder and punishes it. She flung the burden into the sea, feeling sure it would sink; but it caught,—the black and grey shawl caught,—on some hooks that had been driven into the outer woodwork of the pier; it caught and hung there, the shawl moving to and fro with every breath of wind and every wave."

Without a word or cry she fell with her face in the grass. Oh, Heaven, be pitiful to all who are stricken and guilty! I went on quickly,—

"A boatman found it, and the bundle contained a little drowned child—a fair waxen babe, beautiful even though it had lain in the salt, bitter waters of the green sea all night. Now comes the horror, Mrs. Fleming. When the man who saw the scene went, after some years, to visit the friend whom he loved so dearly, he recognized in that friend's wife the woman who threw the child into the sea!"

Again came the sound that was like nothing human.

"What was that man to do?" I asked. "He could not be silent; the friend who loved and trusted him must have been most basely deceived—he could not hide a murder; yet the woman was so lovely, so lovable; she was seemingly so good, so charitable, so devoted to her husband, that he was puzzled, tortured; at last he resolved upon telling her. I have told *you*.

Then silence, deep and awful, fell over us; it lasted until I saw that I must break it. She lay motionless on the ground, her face buried in the grass.

"What should *you* have done in that man's place, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked.

Then she raised her face; it was whiter, more despairing, more ghastly than I had seen it on the pier.

"I knew it must come," she wailed. "Oh! Heaven, how often have I dreaded this—I knew from the first."

"Then it *was* you?" I said.

"It was me;" she replied. "I need not try to hide it any longer, why should I? Every leaf on every tree, every raindrop that has fallen, every wind that has whispered has told it aloud ever since. If I hide it from you someone else will start up and tell. If I deny it, then the very stones in the street will cry it out. Yes, it was me—wretched, miserable me,—the most miserable, the most guilty woman alive—it was me."

My heart went out to her in fulness of pity—poor unhappy woman! sobbing her heart out; weeping, as surely no one ever wept before. I wished that Heaven had made anyone else her judge than me. Then she sat up facing me, and I wondered what the judge must think when the sentence of death passes his lips. I knew that this was the sentence of death for this woman.

"You never knew what passed after, did you?" I asked.

"No—not at all," was the half sullen reply—"not at all."

"Did you never purchase a Brighton paper, or look into a London paper to see?"

"No," she replied.

"Then I will tell you," I said, and I told her all that had passed. How the people had stood round the little baby, and the men cursed the cruel hands that had drowned the little babe.

"Did they curse my hands?" she asked, and I saw her looking at them in wonder.

"Yes; the men said hard words, but the women were pitiful and kind; one kissed the little face, dried it, and kissed it with tears in her eyes. Was it your own child?"

There was a long pause, a long silence, a terrible few minutes, and then she answered:

"Yes, it was my child."

Her voice was full of despair; she folded her hands and laid them on her lap.

"I knew it must come," she said. "Now let me try to think what I must do. I meet now that which I have dreaded so long. Oh, Lance! my love Lance! my love Lance! You will not tell him?" she cried, turning to me with impassioned appeal. "You will not!—you could not break his heart and mine!—you could not kill me! Oh, for Heaven's sake, say you will not tell him?"

Then I found her on her knees at my feet, sobbing with passionate cries—I must not tell him, it would kill him. She would go away, if I said she must; she would go from the heart and the home where she had nestled in safety so long; she would die; she would do anything if only I would not tell him. He had loved and trusted her so—she loved him so dearly. I must not tell. If I liked, she would go to the river and throw herself in. She would give her life freely, gladly—if only I would not tell him.

So I sat holding, as it were, the passionate, aching heart in my hand.

"You must calm yourself," I said. "Let us talk reasonably. We cannot talk while you are like this."

She beat her white hands together, and I could not still her cries; they were all for "Lance!"—"her love Lance!"

CHAPTER XI.

"You must listen to me," I said; "I want you to see how truly this is the work of Providence, and not of mere chance."

I told her how I had been attracted to the pier; I told her all that was said by the crowd around; of the man who carried the little dead child to the workhouse; of the tiny little body that lay in its white dress in the bare, large, desolate room, and of the flowers that the kindly matron had covered it with.

I told her how I had taken compassion on the forlorn, little creature, had purchased its grave, and of the white stone with "Marah" upon it.

"Marah, found drowned." And then, poor soul—poor hapless soul, she clung to my hands and covered them with kisses and tears.

"Did you—did you do that?" she moaned. "How good you are, but you will not tell him. I was mad when I did that, mad as women often are with sorrow, shame, and despair. I will suffer anything if you will only promise not to tell Lance."

"Do you think it is fair," I asked, "that he should be so cruelly deceived?—that he should lavish the whole love of his heart on a murderess?"

I shall never forget her. She sprang from the ground where she had been kneeling, and stood erect before me.

"No, thank Heaven! I am not that," she said; "I am everything else that is base and vile, but not that."

"You were that, indeed," I replied. "The child you flung into the sea was living, not dead."

"It was not living," she cried—"it was dead an hour before I reached there."

"The doctors said—for there was an inquest on the tiny body—they said the child had been drugged before it was drowned, but that it had died from drowning."

"Oh, no, a thousand times!" she cried. "Oh, believe me I did not wilfully murder my own child—I did not indeed! Let me tell you. You are a just and merciful man, John Ford; let me tell you—you shall hear my story, you shall give me my sentence—I will leave it in your hands. I will tell you all."

"You had better tell Lance, not me," I cried. "What can I do?"

"No; you listen, you judge. It may be that when you have heard all, you will take pity on me; you may spare me—you may say to yourself that I have been more sinned against than sinning—you may think that I have suffered enough, and that I may live out the rest of my life with Lance. Let me tell you, and you shall judge me."

She fell over on her knees again, rocking backwards and forwards.

"Ah, why," she cried—"why is the world so unfair?—why, when there is sin and sorrow, why does the punishment fall all on the woman, and the man go free? I am here in disgrace and humiliation, in shame and sorrow—in fear of losing my home, my husband, it may be even my life—while he, who was a thousand times more guilty than I was, is welcomed, flattered, courted! It is cruel and unjust.

"I have told you," she said, "how hard my childhood was, how lonely and desolate and miserable I was with my girl's heart full of love, and no one to love.

"When I was eighteen I went to live with a very wealthy family in London, the name—I will not hide one detail from you—the name was Cleveland; they had one little girl, and I was her governess. I went with them to their place in the country, and there a visitor came to them, a handsome young nobleman, Lord Dacius by name.

"It was a beautiful sunlit county. I had little to do, plenty of leisure, and he could do as he would with his time. We had met and had fallen in love with each other. I did not love him, I idolized him; remember in your judgment that no one had ever loved me. No one had ever kissed my face and said kind words to me; and I, oh! wretched, miserable me, I was in heaven. To be loved for the first time, and by one so handsome, so charming, so fascinating! A few weeks passed like a dream. I met him in the early morning, I met him in the gloaming. He swore a hundred times a day that he would marry me when he came of age. We must wait until then. I never dreamed of harm or wrong, I believed in him implicitly as I loved him. I believed every word that came from his lips. May Heaven spare me! I need tell you no more. A girl of eighteen madly, passionately in love; a girl as ignorant as any girl could be, and a handsome, experienced man of the world.

"There was no hope, no chance. I fell; yet almost without knowing how I had fallen. You will spare me the rest I know.

"When, in my sore anguish and distress, I went to him, I thought he would marry me at once; I thought he would be longing only to make me happy again; to comfort me; to solace me; to make amends for all I had suffered. I went to him in London with my heart full of longing and love. I had left my situation, and my stern, cruel grandmother believed that I had found another. If I lived to be a thousand years old I should never forget my horror and surprise. He had worshipped me; he had sworn a thousand times over that he would marry me; he had loved me with the tenderest love.

"Now, when after waiting some hours, I saw him at last, he frowned at me; there was no kiss, no caress, no welcome.

"'This is a nice piece of news,' he said. 'This comes from country visiting.'

"'But you love me?—you love me?' I cried.

"'I did, my dear,' he said, 'but of course that died with Summer. One does not speak of what is dead.'

"'Do you not mean to marry me?' I asked.

"'No, certainly not; and you know that I never did. It was a Summer's amusement.'

"'And what is it to me?' I asked.

"'Oh, you must make the best of it. Of course, I will not see you want, but you must not annoy me. And that old grandmother of yours, she must not be let loose upon me. You must do the best you can. I will give you a hundred pounds if you will promise not to come near me again.'

"I spoke no word to him; I did not reproach him; I did not utter his name; I did not say good-bye to him; I walked away. I leave his punishment to Heaven. Then I crushed the anguish within me and tried to look my life in the face. I would have killed myself rather than have gone home. My grandmother had forced me to be saving, and in the post-office bank I had nearly thirty pounds. I had a watch and chain worth ten. I sold them, and I sold with them a small diamond ring that had been my mother's, and some other jewelry; altogether I realized fifty pounds. I went to the outskirts of London and took two small rooms.

"I remember that I made no effort to hide my disgrace; I did not pretend to be married or to be a widow, and the mistress of the house was not unkind to me. She liked me all the better for telling the truth. I say no word to you of my mental anguish—no words can describe it, but I loved the little one. She was only three weeks old when a letter was forwarded to me at the address I had given in London, saying that my grandmother was ill and wished me to go home at once. What was I to do with the baby? I can remember how the great drops of anguish stood on my face, how my hands trembled, how my very heart went cold with dread.

"The newspapers which I took daily, to read the advertisements for governesses, lay upon the table, and my eyes were caught by an advertisement from some woman living at Brighton, who undertook the bringing up of children. I resolved to go down that very day. I said nothing to my landlady of my intention. I merely told her that I was going to place the little one in very good hands, and that I would return for my luggage.

"I meant,—so truly as Heaven hears me speak,—I meant to do right by my little child. I meant to work hard to keep her in a nice home. Oh, I meant well!

"I was ashamed to go out in the streets with a little baby in my arms.

[Continued next week.]

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## BRAVE COLLEGE GIRLS.

We were two girls home from College during the holidays. At least I was "home," and my room-mate and best chum at school was visiting me.

Taking advantage of the special privileges accorded to college girls on home vacations, we were having our own way entirely by sitting up late and alone in the big hall of my parents' country home long after the others had gone to bed.

The dimly glowing embers of a real old-fashioned log fire on the hearth gave the only light we had or wanted.

Now and then a little flickering flame, suddenly blazing and as quickly dying out, made dancing ghostly shadows flit about the spacious apartment, giving it the weird and spooky appearance our romantic minds desired.

At the foot of the winding staircase stood an ancient suit of knightly armor, complete even to its visor drawn and its mailed right hand grasping its battle spear, which, no doubt, had in its day unhorsed and pierced many valiant foe.

At the top of the first stair landing was a "grandfather clock" ticking its loudest as if trying to tell two giddy girls that after midnight it was proper for them to be in the land of dreams and not be wasting the precious slumber time in talking nonsense.

But its mournful "tick-tock, tick-tock" only made our hobgoblin surroundings more enjoyable and the old knight in armor grimly watching us saw but merry looks and heard only suppressed laughter, and, maybe, a few girl secrets for his pains.

Not another sound echoed through the big sitting-room hall save sometimes the rising wind outside slamming a shutter or moaning through the trees on the lawn or drearily whistling down the huge chimney before us.

Although the romance of our situation was delighted in the exteme, by and by began to impress itself in all its uncanny spookiness upon our senses.

We became quieter, and though wishing to seek our cosy bed chamber above we dreaded going to it through the gloom of the long stairs and upper hall, and so yet, we lingered below by the dying fire.

"Say, Luce!" said my chum Kate, after a spell of dismal silence, "suppose that ugly old knight by the stairs should step down and come for us—what would you do?"

"I would just run for my life, I guess," I answered, while the thought made cold chills run over me, "and you'd run for yours too, brave as you are. Let's go to bed, Kate."

"O, no hurry!" she laughed, "I like it here immensely. I dare you to go up and touch the old fellow Say, Luce, mightn't there be a real, live man inside that armor now. A regular bloody burglar, for instance, waiting for us to pass him and then G R-A-B us to chock our screams and cut our throats. I believe I saw it move. There! Look! I'm sure it made a noise. See its eyes staring right at you now."

I could feel my hair trying to erect itself and in spite of the ridiculousness of the thing being aught but an empty shell I felt awfully like screaming and then fainting dead away, Kate, seeing my terror, kept on.

"I'm sure its's alive," she whispered, "and watching us. There! it moved again."

"O, Kate." I gasped, more scared than I wanted to admit, "do please stop talking so. I'm not afraid, of course, but I don't think you ought to try to scare a person. It isn't right. Come, let's go to bed, it must be after 1 o'clock. What will my folks say when they know it?"

"Well, Luce, you go first and see if it's safe to get past that old barbarian. There, he moved again. I'm sure a man's inside the armor."

"No. We'll go upstairs together," I spoke, "give me your hand."

Kate evidently had frightened herself more than me for her hand trembled as I it. "Now!" I boldly whispered, "come." And away we dashed by the grim sentinel and up into my room.

After I had locked the door in the dark I found a match and lighted a candle standing on the dressing table, and Kate and I both looked into the glass—to see who was the whitest, I suppose.

Then we began laughing. "I never thought you was such a coward, Luce," said Kate, "where's all your college grit?"

"And where's yours?" I answered, "you were more scared than I. Why, you haven't nerve enough to haze a freshman or play tricks on a professor."

And so we bantered each other as we prepared for our needed rest.

Then blowing out the candle, we both said our shortest college prayer, and jumped into bed.

But we couldn't sleep till our excitement subsided, and so we talked.

"What would you do, Kate," I asked "in real danger? Would you faint or go into hysterics?"

"Neither, Luce," she laughed. "I'm not built that way. I'd be as cool as a cucumber, and as brave as a lion in any emergency. I often wish I had a chance to prove it."

"That's my case, exactly," I earnestly said. "I may be frightened at—at a mouse, for instance, but I don't think a man—even a robber—could scare me. There! I forgot to open the window for air. I'll do it now."

Out of bed I got and lifted the window shade and stood for a moment gazing on the lawn. The sky had been overcast in the early evening, but now the broken clouds were flying before the wind. The old moon, lately risen, shed enough beams on the soft snow to make the night effect of light and shade weirdly beautiful, particularly about the ever-green trees swaying in the gale.

As I watched the dark shadows they cast on the snow when the moon peered through the cloud rifts, my attention was directed to the tree nearest my window. Its shadow seemed strange, I thought, and at times looked as if something or somebody was moving under or around the dense branches.

Finally I whispered to Kate to come take a peep, too.

"There's something alive there, that's certain," she said, after a moment's intense gazing, "but don't let it see us. Keep out of the moonlight. Goodness! it's a man—two of them. What can they be up to?"

"Mischief, Kate! They must be burglars going to rob us. See! That's the end of a ladder sticking out. Now, my college heroine! your chances to distinguish yourself has come—and mine. It's lucky we stayed up late. Slip on something quick, and we'll nip their design in the bud. I've got a pistol and you know how to shoot, if I don't."

It was my brother's revolver I referred to. During my absence he used the room, and that loaded weapon was in its case in a bureau drawer.

I showed it to Kate, and she grasped it fearlessly. "It's fortunate, Luce," (she spoke low and without a tremor) "that I'm tomboy enough to like fire-arms. They call me a crack shot down South when I'm home. But where's your gun?"

"I'm more afraid of a gun than a burglar. Stop! Yes, there's a hatchet in the closet. I'll take that," and I did.

"Now, then, Kate," I quickly whispered, "I'm in command, for I know the house. See! the fellows are taking the ladder around. They'll evidently try the back window of the fireplace hall. We'll sneak down and lay for them, one of us on either side of the window. While they are forcing an entrance you shoot and I'll chop—but not till I order. Remember if we don't capture. or at least, wound them so they don't leave tracks, no one will believe us. Instead, we'll be laughed at. Your nerves are steady, Kate! You don't want to yell for help, do you?"

"Lead on! I'll follow!" smiled Kate with a look that showed a true college girl's courage.

"All right, then," I coolly answered, "Attention, company! Shoulder arms! Forward, march!"

Hatchet and pistol in hands we noiselessly made our way past the old clock, whose "tick tock tick tock" in the darkness and stillness sounded like "go back, go back," past the ancient knight in armor, whose grim, ghostly form seemed bigger and fiercer in the expiring glow of our log fire, till we reached the rear window of the hall. Its solid shutters were tightly bolted, and in order to shoot when the time came we softly raised the shade and sash. Soon our strained ears heard the ladder go up and the shutter tried.

In the almost pitch darkness of the ghostly hall we took our positions, Kate to the right and I at the left of the window, and waited, wondering how the burglars intended to break in. It seemed an age before we heard a slight sound of boring by some tool the robbers were using. Then it stopped and for a while we thought the attempt had been given up to find another and easier entrance.

The suspense was more dreadful than when we knew what the villians were doing. While enduring that awful terror, something I couldn't see touched my dress. In spite of myself I almost screamed. But, happily, it only was the cat and I whispered so to Kate for fear it might give her the shock I had received.

A faint noise of sawing on the shutters luckily came then to dissipate our panic and restore our nerves for action.

Scarcely perceptible was the sound as we listened with loudly—beating hearts and without knowing exactly what it portended.

Suddenly the moonlight shone through a small square opening in the shutter on my side and a huge, black hand inserted itself and fumbled around to find and unfasten the bolt.

Quickly I raised my hatchet to chop—then a more daring and less horrible plan of action came to me,

Dropping my weapen instantly, I grabbed the burglar's hand with both of mine and bracing one knee against the windowsill I pulled that demon paw in farther and held it.

Ha! I hadn't pulled stroke oar in our college crew for nothing. Now my gymnastic lessons—hauling myself hand over hand up ropes and swinging on trapeze bars—served me well.

Vainly those coarse, hard fingers tried like snakes to wind about mine and hurt them. Vainly that strong, rough, murderous hand sought to tear itself from my college learned grip. The more it tried the tighter I held.

"Shoot, Kate! Shoot—right through the shutter! Quick—before I weaken," I yelled.

"Bang!" went a bullet. "Bang! Bang!" two more. I felt the muscles relapse in the hand I clutched. Mine did, too. Then I let go, heard a fall and shouts outside—and (they told me afterwards) I fainted.

Kate and I both lay in heaps on the floor when father and my brother rushed to our aid.

One burglar was captured alive after a smart chase in the moonlighted snow. The other—was found where he fell. But they never told that to Kate till the coroner's inquest and then they had to.
—Detroit Free Press.


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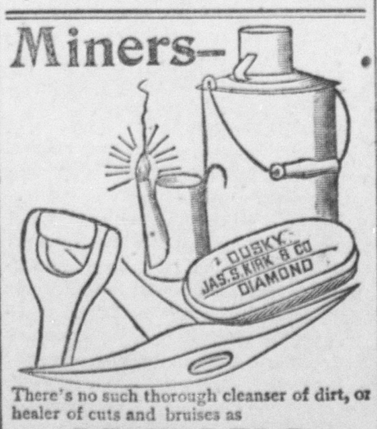


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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

| STATIONS | Dis | WESTWARD A.M | A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOCK HAVEN | | 4 40 | 9 25 | 4 15 |
| Flemington—f | 1.8 | 4 43 | 9 29 | 4 18 |
| Mill Hall | 3.0 | 4 46 | 9 31 | 4 21 |
| Beech Creek | 8.3 | 4 56 | 9 42 | 4 33 |
| Eagleville—f | 9.9 | 4 59 | 9 45 | 4 35 |
| Howard | 14.5 | 5 07 | 9 54 | 4 44 |
| Mt. Eagle—f | 17.7 | 5 14 | 10 02 | 4 50 |
| Curtin | 19.9 | 5 18 | 10 09 | 4 57 |
| Milesburg | 23.5 | 5 25 | 10 18 | 5 05 |
| BELLEFONTE | 25.2 | 5 35 | 10 28 | 5 15 |
| Milesburg | 26.5 | 5 45 | 10 38 | 5 25 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 24.8 | 5 48 | 10 45 | 5 28 |
| Unionville | 28.5 | 5 55 | 10 51 | 5 36 |
| Julian | 32.9 | 6 05 | 11 09 | 5 45 |
| Martha | 37.9 | 6 13 | 11 09 | 5 54 |
| Port Matilda | 40.4 | 6 21 | 11 17 | 6 01 |
| Hannah—f | 43.7 | 6 28 | 11 26 | 6 08 |
| Fowler—f | 45.0 | 6 30 | 11 29 | 6 10 |
| Dix—f | 45.5 | 6 32 | 11 32 | 6 13 |
| Bald Eagle | 49.3 | 6 38 | 11 38 | 6 19 |
| Vail | 51.2 | 6 42 | 11 43 | 6 23 |
| East Tyrone | 53.0 | 6 45 | 11 48 | 6 27 |
| TYRONE | 54.3 | 6 52 | 11 55 | 6 33 |

| STATIONS | Dis | EASTWARD A.M | P. M. | P M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| TYRONE | | 8 10 | 3 19 | 7 25 |
| East Tyrone | 1.3 | 8 17 | 3 17 | 7 32 |
| Vail | 3.1 | 8 20 | 3 20 | 7 35 |
| Bald Eagle | 5.0 | 8 25 | 3 24 | 7 39 |
| Dix—f | 8.0 | 8 30 | 3 30 | 7 45 |
| Fowler—f | 9.2 | 8 32 | 3 33 | 7 48 |
| Hannah—f | 10.6 | 8 36 | 3 37 | 7 52 |
| Port Matilda | 13.9 | 8 43 | 3 44 | 7 59 |
| Martha | 17.3 | 8 51 | 3 52 | 8 07 |
| Julian | 21.4 | 8 59 | 4 01 | 8 16 |
| Unionville | 25.8 | 9 10 | 4 10 | 8 25 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 29.5 | 9 18 | 4 17 | 8 32 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 22 | 4 20 | 8 35 |
| BELLEFONTE | 33.5 | 9 32 | 4 30 | 8 45 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 47 | 4 40 | 9 00 |
| Curtin | 34.4 | 9 56 | 4 46 | 9 07 |
| Mt Eagle—f | 35.6 | 10 02 | 4 50 | 9 15 |
| Howard | 39.8 | 19 09 | 4 57 | 9 22 |
| Eagleville—f | 44.4 | 10 17 | 5 15 | 9 30 |
| Beech Creek | 45.0 | 15 20 | 5 08 | 9 33 |
| Mill Hall | 51.3 | 10 31 | 5 19 | 9 44 |
| Flemington | 52.5 | 10 34 | 5 24 | 9 47 |
| LOCK HAVEN | 54.3 | 10 37 | 5 25 | 9 50 |

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

| Westward Dis. | Stations | Dis. | Eastward A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| P.M | A.M | | | |
| 4 50 | 10 00 | SCOTIA | 25.6 9 21 | 4 40 |
| 5 05 | 10 18 5.3 | Fairbrook | 20.3 9 09 | 4 25 |
| 5 15 | 10 28 8.7 | Penna. Furnace | 16.9 8 56 | 4 16 |
| 5 21 | 10 34 10.6 | Hostler f | 15.9 8 50 | 4 08 |
| 5 26 | 10 46 12.3 | Marengo f | 13.8 8 48 | 4 01 |
| 5 32 | 10 52 13.5 | Loverille f | 12.1 8 27 | 3 55 |
| 5 39 | 10 58 15.2 | Furnace Road f | 10.4 8 31 | 3 49 |
| 5 43 | 11 02 15.8 | Dungarvin f | 9.8 8 27 | 3 — |
| 5 53 | 11 19 18.2 | Warriors Mark | 7.4 8 19 | 3 38 |
| 6 03 | 11 29 20.5 | Pennington | 5.1 8 10 | 3 30 |
| 6 15 | 11 32 23.5 | Stover | 2.1 7 58 | 3 19 |
| 6 25 | 11 40 25.6 | TYRONE | 7 50 | 3 18 |

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.40 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.25 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.09 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.26 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.03 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892

| Dis. Westward | | | | Eastward. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | a.m. | p.m. | | a.m. | a.m. | p.m |
| .0 | 5.45 | 2 00 | MONTANDON | 5.36 | 9.10 | 4 55 |
| 1.5 | 6.15 | 2.08 | Ar. LEWISBURG Lv | 5.20 | 9.00 | 4 47 |
| 1.5 | 6.15 | 2.08 | Lv. LEWISBURG Ar | ..... | 9.00 | 4 47 |
| 5.4 | 6.23 | 2.17 | Biehl f | ..... | 8.52 | 4.39 |
| 6.8 | 6.28 | 2.22 | Vicksburg f | ..... | 8.47 | 4.35 |
| 10.7 | 6.37 | 2.31 | MIFFLINBURG | ..... | 8.38 | 4 27 |
| 13.1 | 6.42 | 2.36 | Barber f | ..... | 8.33 | 4 22 |
| 15.2 | 6.47 | 2.41 | Swengle f | ..... | 8.27 | 4 17 |
| 16.1 | 7.50 | 2.45 | Millmont | ..... | 8.25 | 4.15 |
| 18.6 | 7.58 | 2.51 | GLEN IRON | ..... | 8.17 | 4.07 |
| 23.5 | 7.07 | 3.00 | Pardee f | ..... | 8.08 | 3.59 |
| 28.9 | 7.18 | 3.11 | Cherry Run f | ..... | 7.57 | 3.48 |
| 32.2 | 7.27 | 3.20 | Paddy Mt. Tunnel f | ..... | 7.48 | 3.40 |
| 33.9 | 7.31 | 3.23 | Ingleby f | ..... | 7.45 | 3.37 |
| 36.6 | 7.38 | 4.30 | Coburn | ..... | 7.38 | 3.30 |
| 39.6 | 7.45 | 4.37 | Zerby f | ..... | 7.30 | 3.23 |
| 43.4 | 7.55 | 4.47 | Rising Springs | ..... | 7.21 | 3.14 |
| 46.2 | 8.02 | 4.53 | Penn's Cave f | ..... | 7.14 | 3.07 |
| 49.2 | 8.09 | 4.01 | CENTRE HALL | ..... | 7.06 | 3.01 |
| 51.6 | 8.16 | 4.07 | Gregg f | ..... | 7.00 | 2.54 |
| 54.6 | 8 23 | 4.13 | Linden Hall | ..... | 6.52 | 2 47 |
| 56.7 | 8.28 | 4.18 | OAK HALL | ..... | 6.47 | 2.42 |
| 58.8 | 8.32 | 4.22 | LEMONT | ..... | 6.43 | 2.37 |
| 60.2 | 8.37 | 4.27 | Dale Summit f | ..... | 6.38 | 2.33 |
| 63.9 | 8.47 | 4.37 | Pleasant Gap f | ..... | 6.28 | 2.23 |
| 65.2 | 8.50 | 4.40 | Axeman f | ..... | 6.25 | 2.20 |
| 67.4 | 8.55 | 4.45 | BELLEFONTE | ..... | 6.20 | 2.15 |

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

| EASTWARD 12 pm | 10 pm | 8 pm | 1 pm | 2 am | | Ar— Lv | 1 am | 3 am | 7 am | 9 pm | 11 pm |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 35 | | 3 50 | | 9 05 | | Bellefont | 6 30 | | 10 30 | | 4 40 |
| 6 28 | | 3 44 | | 8 59 | | Coleville | 6 37 | | 10 35 | | 4 45 |
| 6 25 | | 3 41 | | 8 56 | | Morris | 6 40 | | 10 38 | | 4 48 |
| 6 22 | | 3 38 | | 8 52 | | Whitmer | 6 44 | | 10 43 | | 4 51 |
| 6 19 | | 3 35 | | 8 49 | | Linns | 6 47 | | 10 46 | | 4 54 |
| 6 17 | | 3 33 | | 8 47 | | Hunters | 6 50 | | 10 48 | | 4 56 |
| 6 14 | | 3 31 | | 8 44 | | Filmore | 6 53 | | 10 52 | | 5 00 |
| 6 11 | | 3 28 | | 8 40 | | Sellers | 6 57 | | 10 56 | | 5 03 |
| 6 09 | | 3 26 | | 8 38 | | Briarly | 7 00 | | 10 58 | | 5 05 |
| 6 05 | 6 00 | 3 23 | 8 25 | 8 36 | | Waddle | 7 05 | 7 10 | 11 01 | 5 10 | 5 10 |
| 6 02 | 5 50 | 3 20 | 8 20 | 8 30 | | Mattern J | 7 08 | 7 14 | 11 03 | 5 13 | 5 12 |
| | 5 46 | | 8 17 | | | Graysdale | 7 19 | | 5 16 | | |
| | 5 43 | | 8 12 | | | Mattern | 7 24 | | 5 20 | | |
| | 5 40 | | 8 05 | | | Stormstown | 7 29 | | 5 23 | | |
| | 5 35 | | 8 00 | | | Red Bank | 7 35 | | 5 30 | | |
| 5 51 | | 3 08 | | 8 18 | | Krumr'ne | 7 21 | | 11 13 | | 5 24 |
| 5 48 | | 3 05 | | 8 14 | | Struble | 7 24 | | 11 17 | | 5 27 |
| 5 45 | | 3 00 | | 8 10 | | St. College | 7 30 | | 11 20 | | 5 30 |

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

WESTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily | | 11 20 | p m |
| " " Harrisburg | | 3 34 | a m |
| " " William'port | " | 7 10 | a m |
| " " Jersey Shore | " | 7 31 | a m |
| " " Lock Haven | " | 7 55 | a m |
| " " Renovo | " | 8 53 | a m |
| " arrives Erie | " | 3 40 | p m |
| NIAGRA EX. l'ves Phila week d'ys | | 8 50 | a m |
| " " Harrsburg | " | 12 10 | p m |
| " arrives at Wmsport | " | 3 00 | p m |
| " " Lock Haven | " | 4 10 | p m |
| " " Renovo | " | 5 15 | p m |
| " " Kane | " | 9 20 | p m |
| Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at | | 5 15 | p m |
| FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days | | 11 40 | a m |
| " " Harrisburg | " | 3 45 | p m |
| " " Williamsport | " | 7 10 | p m |
| " arrives at Lock Haven | " | 8 02 | p m |
| " " Renovo | " | 9 00 | p m |
| NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia daily | | 4 30 | a m |
| " " Harrisburg | | 8 10 | a m |
| " " Williamsport | | 11 20 | a m |
| " " arrives at Lock Haven | | 12 15 | p m |
| Wms'port Ex. l'vs Phila. week days | | 4 35 | p m |
| " " Harrisburg | | 7 55 | p m |
| " " arrive Williamsport | | 10 40 | p m |
| Rochester Exp. leaves Phila. w'k d's | | 9 20 | p m |
| " " Harrisb'g | | 12 30 | a m |
| " " arrives Williamsp't | | 3 25 | a m |
| Williamsp't " leaves Phila. Sun. only | | 2 25 | p m |
| " " Harrisb'g | | 5 25 | p m |
| " " arrives Williamsp't | | 8 35 | p m |

EASTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sea Shore Express l'vs L Haven w | 7 15 | a m | |
| " " " Jersey Shore. | 7 41 | a m | |
| " " " Wms'port | 8 15 | a m | |
| " arrives at Harrisburg | 11 30 | a m | |
| " " " Phila | 3 00 | a m | |
| DAY EX. leaves Kane week days | 6 30 | a m | |
| " " Renovo | 10 20 | a m | |
| Lock Haven | 11 20 | a m | |
| Williamsport | 12 30 | p m | |
| arrives at Harrisburg | 3 30 | p m | |
| " " Philadelphia | 6 50 | p m | |
| ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily | 3 25 | p m | |
| " "

# Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| SPACE OCCUPIED. | 3m | 6m | 1y |
|---|---|---|---|
| One inch (12 lines this type | $ 5 | $ 8 | $ 12 |
| Two inches | 7 | 10 | 15 |
| Three inches | 10 | 15 | 20 |
| Four inches | 11 | 17 | 25 |
| Quarter column | 12 | 20 | 30 |
| Half column | 20 | 35 | 55 |
| One column | 35 | 55 | 100 |

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.


## DEATH OF A STUDENT OF STATE COLLEGE.

James E. Patrick, a student in the Junior class at State College, died last Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, of an attack of measles. He had visited his home at Nill city, Wyoming county, where he had been exposed to the disease and shortly after his return to the College he was taken down with it. He was placed in a remote part of the buildings, isolated from the other students, and two of his associates placed with him to attend to his wants and guard him. He was getting along all right and thought to be in a fair way to recover, when on Wednesday night in a spell of delirium he escaped from his attendants to the hall where he contracted a cold causing a relapse from which he died as above stated. This is the first death that has occured among the students of that institution for many years. It is one of the healthiest places in the world and sickness of any kind seldom visites it. As a rule, only the old die in that town, the air of State College is not favorable to any kind of disease, contagious or otherwise. Mr. Patrick was a model young man, dilligent in his studies, faithful to every duty and loved and respected by student and faculty. His death was so sudden and unspected that his parents had not been notified and when it occured, as they were some distance from a telegraph station, some delay and difficulty was experienced in getting the sad intelligence to them. His body was taken home accompanied by a delegation of students. Members of his class and fraternity were excused from all duties. The class of which he was a member met on Friday afternoon and passed the following resolutions of respect to his memory:

We, the members of the class of '94 of the Pennsylvania State College, realizing the loss which we have sustained in the death of our friend and class mate, James F. Patrick, do hereby resolve that, in the death of our friend, we have lost a true companion. much endeared to us by his genial and generous disposition; and the class an ardent and zealous supporter.

*Resolved*. That in view of the loss which we have sustained. we, as a class, do tender our sincerest sympathy to the family and relatives of our departed class mate.

*Resolved*. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased. to the papers at his late home and in Bellefonte, and be published in the College paper.

H P Dowler, A. F. Damon, J M Brewer. } Class Com

Died.—At Boalsburg, on Tuesday, March 14, 1893, G. W. Williams, aged about 40 years.

For several years he has been in feeble health and last Friday he went to his home to return no more to the busy walks of life. He followed the profession of teaching and was a successful and efficient worker at his chosen occupation. He was a prominent Odd Fellow and several years ago was District Deputy Grand Master for Centre county, which position he filled with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the numerous lodges in the county. In fact, he was one of the best Deputy Grand Masters the order in the county ever had and made friends wherever he went. He was a member of the subordinate lodge at Boalsburg but in the Encampment branch of the order he belonged to Bellefonte and was loved and respected by all the brethren. Of course true Odd Fellows love and respect each other always, but Brother Williams had won a title to the highest regard, for he was faithful to every duty. Few Odd Fellows live up to the true letter and spirit of the obligations which they have taken; if they did this order would be the strongest and best organization in this country or the world, but Brother Williams stood out as one who made an effort to carry out the true principles of the organization and this with his faithful attention to every other duty won for him the love and respect of the brethren. The Bellefonte Encampment held a special meeting last Wednesday evening and made arrangements to attend the funeral on Friday.

Hood's Sarsaparilla positively cures even when all others fail. It has a record of such casses unequalled by any other medicine.

# TRUE EVERY WORD.

## A Realism Terrible in its intensity.

### A STORY WHICH IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL IN THE WORLD.

### The Exact Facts Told Exactly as They Occured.

Lebanon, N. H. As your correspondent I communicate the following remarkable story exactly as it came from the lady's own lips. Everybody in Lebanon, N. H., knows Mrs. S. R. Berry well; indeed she is a most highly respected resident here. The story is one which particulary interests everyone at this season.

"I was in a very bad way; such trembling in my arms and limbs, and my hear was just frightful, and those terrible sweeping chills and trembling in my limbs made me expect a shock or to lose the use of them completely.

"I could not sleep nights because my heart would palpitate and the chills or shaking would follow, and I could do but very little of anything.

"I could not sit up all day, but had to lie down a great deal, and my nerves were very weak and of no use. Why, I could not bear any noise.

"There was a terrible pain in my head, with burning both sides of the head, and I was almost a complete wreck of my former self.

"No one had any hopes of my being better. My doctor ordered a change of everything, but I was not equal to moving anywhere, indeed could not walk any to speak of, only drag about from one room to another.

"And such dull, heavy feelings, as if I was about to meet some awful doom. All the time I was depressed in mind and spirits and could not cheer up.

"My liver was swollen so I could not rest unless hot applications were used on my side and my kidneys were very bad.

"In my despair, I began the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I will say that this wonderful medicine is the greatest blessing that ever came into a family.

MRS. S. R. BERRY.

"It has done perfect wonders for me. I was soon on the right road to health and strength by its use, and I am gaining every day. After taking two bottles I could do more work than I had for over a year, and now I do all my housework and all my sewing. I can walk vigorously, indeed have walked as far as five miles in an afternoon. Yes it is true, you can ask anyone here.

"I can now eat better than ever, am strong again and have got back most of my former looks and good color.

"I am a wonder to everybody who knows how weak and low I was before using this remedy. Our doctor met me a few days ago and said that I was doing wonderfully, that my eyes were bright and that I looked well.

"Oh, words are useless! I cannot tell how much I prize this great and blessed medicine. All my family join me in one loud chorus in saying, God bless this great health giving remedy! I have told every one of my friends, far and near, and you see they cannot help believing for here I am a living witness to show what has been done for me."

Can anything be added to this?

The sick and suffering should certainly use so marvellous a health giver as this great remedy appears to be. Especially should all use it now for it is the most excellent of all spring medicines to invigorate the blood, strengthen the nerves and regulate all the organs. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and druggists keep it for $1 per bottle.

Doctors recommend and prescribe it because it is the discovery and prescription of an eminent physician, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

## A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE SAYS.

Hon. John Nealey, justice of the peace and ex-member of the House of Representatives from Meredith, N. H., was for twelve years a terrible sufferer with rheumatism. He says: I cannot obtain any medicinie which does me so much good as your Sulphur Bitters, and I think it is the best medicine made.

—The Scotia Iron Ore mines, which have been closed down all winter on account of the cold weather, will resume operations sometime in April.

## LONG TIMBER.

A Clearfield correspondent of the *Gazette and Bulletin* gives the following facts concerning long sticks of timber cut in that county this winter:

One party above Cleveland cut and hauled to the river twenty-five sticks of pine timber, each stick was 100 feet long. This is the largest number of 100 foot sticks made by one party. James W. Caldwell made and hauled the following timber to Lumber City for Weaver & Betts, of Clearfield, 48 sticks 40 feet long; 32 sticks 50 feet; 32 sticks 60 feet; 32 sticks 70 feet; 56 sticks 80 feet; 32 sticks 90 feet. This timber was hauled six miles, and numbers 226 sticks of very choice pine timber. R. W. Thompson, of Clearfield, made and hauled to the river opposite town, about 300 sticks of pine which figures up to fifty thousand cubic feet, and is valued at a figure pretty close to $15,000. His finest stick is only 65 feet long, but it contains 316 feet, and is valued at $90. The longest stick in this lot is 85 feet. Mr. Thompson hauled every stick of this timber from the head waters of Lick Run, over the Penfield road; distance, 9½ miles.

At Bellville a stick of pine was put on the beach that measured 113 feet long, and contained 350 cubic feet; this stick is worth about $100. Many similar illustrations of large timber operations could here be given, notably the twenty rafts made jobber A. C. Lansberry, whose whole fleet of twenty passed Clearfield at about the same time, Clearfield county can to-day furnish as fine timber as ever, but it must be hauled a longer distance than ever before. There are plenty of fine timber tracts never touched by an ax, that will be worked when prices are high enough to make it pay the owner.

—A large audience crowded Garman's Opera House last Friday evening to hear Rev. A. L. Palmer in his famous lecture on "Company D," or the "die no mores." The Stage was occupied by preachers and prominent citizens among whom were E. C. Humes, Esq., president of the 1st National Bank of Bellefonte, Col. J. L. Spangler, Ex-Governor James A. Beaver, Hon. John G. Love and Rev. W. A. Houck. Hon John G. Love, in a short, able address, introduced the speaker of the evening who was received with applause. The lecture was one of the most eloquent; exciting his audience one moment to laughter the next almost to tears. Everyone who heard it was more than paid for the time and expense of attending one of the best entertainments our people have enjoyed for a long time.


**Not what we say,** but what **the people say** is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. **Be sure it is made in Belfast, Maine.**

JOHN BURKE.

## A Remarkable Cure

### IN NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

### BETTER READ THIS.

Mr. Burke is one of the best known men in Newburyport. A member of A. W. Bartlett Post, No. 49, G. A. R., and **Probation Officer** in the **Police Court.** If you have any doubts as to the truth of this statement, write and investigate. **We guarantee every word of the following statement to be true.**

Newburyport, Mass., Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Me.

*Gentlemen:*—For over eight months I suffered with a **Deathly Sickness**—could not get anything to stop it. On GUARANTEED Feb. 13, 1891, I commenced to take DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. In about five days

**THE SICKNESS DISAPPEARED,**

so I reduced the dose, and the sickness slightly returned again—I increased the dose, and **the sickness again departed, this time for good.**

**I also suffered terribly** with **Headache every day** for some **ten months** before taking DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. My **HEADACHE IS COMPLETELY CURED,** and I can eat any common food I want without the **least inconvenience.** I consider my case a **remarkable one,** as I have taken only **four bottles,** and am **Perfectly Cured,** and gaining in flesh every day. I can cheerfully recommend TO CURE and it to my friends as a **good, honest Medicine.**

Yours respectfully, JOHN BURKE.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

# HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

## WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 112 William St., NEW YORK.

## THE PILE OINTMENT

## PROMPT, GOOD WORK.

SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

### RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Willet F. Cook, Canajoharie, N. Y., writes: "Awoke one morning with excruciating pains in my shoulder. Tried various reliefs for sudden pains without effect; went to my office; the pain became insufferable; went home at 11 o'clock and used **ST. JACOBS OIL;** effect magical, pain ceased, and at 1 o'clock went to work; cure permanent."

### NEURALGIA.

Little Rapids, Wis.

My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face, she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with **ST. JACOBS OIL,** and it cured her in four hours.

CARL SCHEIBE.

# This Home Comfort Range

Is made of malleable iron and wrought steel, lined with asbestos, a non conductor of heat, so it retains the heat in Summer and can be changed to throw out the heat in Winter. The fire-box is so constructed that it gets a draft of cold air on one side of all parts exposed to the fire. It don't require one-half the fuel the ordinary Stove does. Sold only by our own responsible agents direct from the factory, who can give the best of references. We guarantee each range to be exactly like the sample, and we make each range come up to the guarantee to the letter. With each range is furnished over $25 worth of vessels. You will see our advertisement in the "Farm Journal," of Philadelphia. Ask your bankers the standing of the Wrought Iron Range Company, of St. Louis Mo. You will see we are quoted "at $500000 paid up capital.

## Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis Mo.


## DEMOREST SILVER MEDAL CONTEST.

On Monday evening of last week the Demorest silver medal contest was held in the rooms of the W. C. T. U. We should have given the result of this contest last week but on account of the meeting of the Methodist conference in Bellefonte and as part of our force were employed reporting for city papers the doings of that body we issued the Republican one day ahead of regular day in order to be able to do this work, This contest is made all over the world; through the liberty of Mr. Demorest the prizes are offered. Mr. James Harris assisted as master of ceremonies and Mrs. Rodgers, Miss Reed and Rev. Geo. Elliot, were selected as Judges to award the prize. The contestants were Misses Mary Kramer, Josie Willard, Mary Lambert, Lizzie Smith, Agnes Wagner, Lizzie Allen and Ella Gault. By the terms of the contest temperance must be the subject of the essays. Each young lady contestant entered into the spirit of the contest with an earnest effort to win and all performed their parts with great credit; so well did each one perform her part that it left it no easy task for the Judges to decide which was the best. At last, however, they decided to award the prize to Miss Ella Gault. Miss Ella Twitmire and Miss Grace Lukenback sang several pretty solos during the evening. Mr. & Mrs. Harvy sang a solo. It was a very pleasant and profitable entertainment. The temperance people of Bellefonte and Centre county are alive and earnest in every field of temperance work and their efforts cannot fail to bear fruit for the noble cause in which they are engaged. They have the well wishes and earnest prayers of all good people for success in their efforts to drive the demon of strong drink beyond the confines of our beloved country and the homes of our people.

—Quite a vexatious accident happened last week at the home of Hamilton Otto, on Lamb St, Mrs. Otto, with a numerous desire to have everything in the best of order for expected guests had just given the finishing touches to her Parlors which had just received a thorough sweeping and dusting when all at once without any warning the whole central part of the ceiling over head gave way and fell a tumbling mass to the floor below. This would ordanarily prove a trying predicament to any woman and Mrs. Otto, had the sympathy of the whole neighbor-hood who knew of the unwelcome accident.

—The Curwensville *Review* says: The story that the Curwensville Lumber Company had made an assignment is still going the rounds of the up-river country. To this is added that the mill will not run this summer but remain in the hands of the creditors. The *Review* wants to say to the intelligent and liberal minded people of the up-river country and there is no cause for alarm as the rumor is absolutely false, nothing of the kind having occurred, and it is only another instance of the old but true saying that a lie will travel ten miles before the truth gets a good start. The Company intend to start up as soon as the drive gets down.

—Judge Sadler, of Carlisle, is presiding over court in Bellefonte this week. The case he has before him is the Tyrone manufacturing company against James S. Cross, to recover a tract of about 300 acres of land in Half moon township which Cross took up as vacant land but which the other party claims to be theirs. Orvis, Bower and Orvis are Attorneys for the Tyrone company and Ex-senator S. R. Peale, of Lock Haven; Thomas Murry, of Clearfield, and John G. Love Bellefonte, are Attorneys for Cross. This tract of land has been in dispute for a long time. Cross says, however, that he is enlisted for the war.

The Brooklyn Life Insurance Co., represented at Bellefonte by J. C. Weaver, Esq., has one very good feature in its policies. When you want to borrow money and hold a policy they will loan your money on it to the amount of 60 per cent of what you have paid in. This is a great scheme to help a poor fellow out, if he happens to get into trouble.

Died.—At Milesburg, on Saturday, March 18, David Snyder, aged 72 years. The funeral occured on the following Monday, Rev. S. Aurand, of the Evangelical church, officiating. Interment at Curtin's cemetery.

A Utah farmer has made a net profit of $85 per acre in raising the sugar beet. The land cost him only $40 per acre. The price per acre obtained by the farmer for his beets surpasses any European record.


**The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.**


REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Bellefonte, at Bellefonte, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, Dec. 9th, 1892.

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and Discounts | $311,649.37 |
| Overdrafts, secured and unsecured | 8,096.23 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 25,000.00 |
| Stocks, securities, claims, etc | 13,797.00 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | 65,281.28 |
| Due from State Banks and bankers | 9,424.37 |
| Banking-house, furniture and fixtures | 36,000.00 |
| Current expenses and taxes paid | 2,795.70 |
| Premium on U. S. Bonds | 1,400.00 |
| Checks and other cash items | 5,249 35 |
| Bills of other Banks | 1,117.00 |
| Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents | 269.29 |
| Specie | 53,572.00 |
| Legal-tender notes | 11,220.00 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation) | 1,125.00 |
| Total | $739,996.59 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in | $100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 65,000.00 |
| Undivided profits | 14,302.18 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | 22,500.00 |
| Individual deposits subject to ch'k | 293,510.01 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 226,640.84 |
| Due to other National Banks | 18,043.56 |
| Total | $739,996.59 |

*State of Penna., County of Centre, SS.:*

I, John P. Harris, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN P. HARRIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1892. W. F. REEDER, N. P.

Correct Attest: A. G. CURTIN. E. C. HUMES GEO. F. HARRIS, } Directors.

For Rent.—A five room house on West High Street. Cheap rent. Possession given immediately. Also a 6 room house one of 4 rooms and 2 and 3 rooms. Inquire of

Isaac Haupt, agent.

vol 24 no 8—4t

Robert A. Moyer vs Carolina Moyer } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 299, Aug. Term, 1892

To Caroline Moyer, Respondent:—

Take notice, that your husband, Robert A. Moyer, has made application in the above court for a decree of Divorce "A vinculo matrimoni," on the ground of desertion The undersign, having been appointed a commissioner to take the testimony in the above case and report the same to court, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the court room in the borough of Lewisburg, Union county, Penn., on Friday April 21st, A. D., 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where you may attend if you see proper to do so.

J. C Harper, Commissioner.

24-12-2t.

WANTED.—Salesman; salary and expenses from start; steady work; good chance for advancement. BROWN BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, Y. N.


# RUPTURE

To obtain the best knowledge of how to be cured, send for J. A. Sherman's New Publication, illustrated with photographic likenesses of American and English patients before treatment and after cure, with particulars of each case. No work so convincingly interesting has ever before been published. Sent by express on receipt of 25 cts. Plain book of information sent for 10 cts. Sherman recently returned from London, England, where the result of his treatment surprised the most eminent Surgeons, and may now be consulted at his former offices. Address J. A. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, 294 Broadway, N. Y.

# CRUSHED COKE

Cheap Fuel!

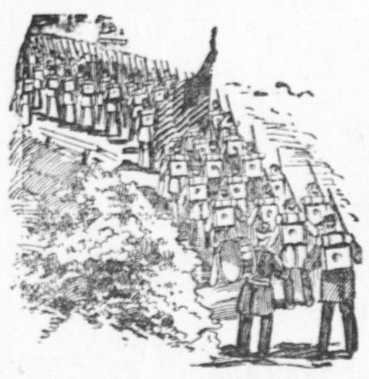
The Best Fuel!

Orders for Crushed Coke by Star Route Pony Express.

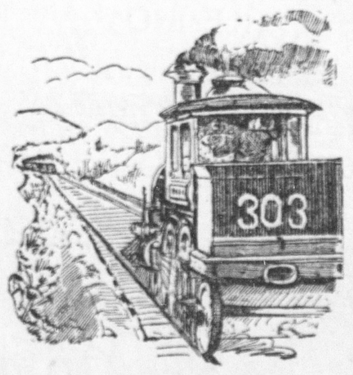
## CRUSHED COKE

Crushed Coke makes a quick fire—makes the hotest fire and makes the cheapest fires. No slate and no clinkers.

Nut Coke, Stove Coke and Egg Coke are good for heating cook stoves and ranges, Egg Stoves and Heaters, Open grates and closed grates for use in churches, residences and public school houses.



The Patrons of McCalmont & Co. marching to the music of their Coke Crusher.




Fired up with Crushed Coke.

McCalmont & Co. are making a run on the sale of crushed coke. They are the pioneers in this business and deserve the patronage of the public, for it is the fuel for the million and will ultimately take the place of hard coal in this community. It is the cheapest fuel now in use. Price $3.60 per ton at the yard. Orders left at their office in the Hale Building for all kinds of Coal and Coke will receive prompt and careful attention.

McCALMONT & CO.

Feb9 2m

## W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS M. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris.
Secretary—Miss Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms. No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

The exchange is open every Friday at 3 P. M. in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A in Criders Exchange. A good variety of bread pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

And he said, so is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground: Mark 4-26.

DEMOREST MEDAL CONTESTS.

The following is an extract from the address of Miss Frances E. Willard at the recent W. C. T. U. Convention in Boston:

"I have secured from Mrs. C. F. Woodbury, of New York, General Superintendent of the Demorest Medal Contests, the following most interesting statement. 'Let the good work go on.'

" 'During the first years from May '86, less than 1,000 medals were used. North Carolina came to the front in '89, under the excellent management of Prof. F. S. Blair. Tennessee was the "Banner State" early in '90, James A. Tate directing the work. Then Nebraska took the lead, with the W. C. T. U. and Mrs. E. A. Blair, and is still at the head with over 2,500 medals won by the young people, including three Diamond Medals, the only ones of this series yet given. Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Tennessee, and North Carolina hold over 1,000 medals each. England and Scotland hold 800 medals between them. Bulgaria is the most active among Foreign Mission points. Twelve contests have been held among the native students in Samokov, Phillipopolis, and other places in the locality. Rev. J. F. Clark, resident missionary and Superintendent of Medal Contests, has managed the work. Ten contests have been held in India, in the vicinity of the World's W. C. T. U. in Burma, Miss Ruth Ranney directing the workers. Mrs. Rev. M. B. Denning has more recently held contests at Poona. West and South African points are taking an active interest in contests. In Australia, including Tasmania, good contest work has been done among the young people. From China, Japan, and Corea come inquiries as to the terms for winning the Demorest Medals. A New York City medal winner of '86 was married early this spring to the Assistant Superintendent of a Sunday-school where she was a teacher, and her husband, a young doctor, was appointed by the President of the Board of Foreign Missions (Presbyterian) as Medical Missionary to Corea, for five years. Together they have left home and friends to carry "good tidings" to the sick and ignorant in that far-away land.

" 'This is but one item of very many of great interest. 80,000 recitation books have been used. 20,000 medals have been awarded, each medal representing a contest. The entire cost of the work from January '86, to November '91 was $50,000. 10,000 contests have been held directly and indirectly by W. C. T. U. workers.' "

There is no one source of danger so insidious as the Religious Liquor License Press. It is the most formidable ally of the rum interest. Temperance often receives its severest wounds in the house of its professed friends, and it requires the greatest moral courage to repudiate evil when it comes in the garb of sanctity.

We like to think of the time when this cause of temperance shall triumph. What a glorious resurrection for this nation! What an anthem of rejoicing will resound through the land! Every voice will sing the songs of temperance every church in the land will raise its anthems in praise for deliverance from the monster liquor evil that has so long cursed the land.

In the development of the temperance movement, does not every sentiment of humanity, every throb of Christian sympathy, every feeling of patriotism, every aspiration for virtuous action, prompt us to an active determination that we will blot out and exterminate the heinous, vicious, soul destroying evil of the liquor traffic from our land? Let us then rise to the height of our manhood and demand its extirpation.

Fully seventy-five per cent. of the murders, robberies, and other crimes, and the worst forms of pauperism, impurity, and disease, are directly attributed to the traffic in ardent spirits. If this is true,—and all admit it,—can any scourge or epidemic, or can all the woes of war and pestilence combined, compare with liquor-selling in its dreadful destruction of human happiness? How can any voter who professes to love his country, fail to express his condemnation of the infamous liquor traffic, at the ballot box, where patriotism makes and unmakes law?

Lincoln said: "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." This is equally true of liquor selling. It is not only wrong in itself, but is also the prolific cause of nearly all crime and wretchedness that now curse the community.

As nearly all our State constitution say, "All power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness," and as no peace, safety, or happiness can come from the liquor traffic, it is incumbent on the people to demand protection from this, their worst enemy,

Why are liquor anxious for license laws? Simply because license gives them the protection and sanction of authority.

White ribboners have long been accustomed to unite with the Prayer Union in its observance of the first week in April as a season of prayer for the observance of the Sabbath in all lands. The call for this observance reads, "The past has been an eventful year for the Sabbath cause in America, the present promises to be immeasurably more so, and it may be the crucial year in our beloved land. We therefore invite all pastors and all Christians to observe the week, April 2-9, for special prayer, public and private, for the imperilled Sabbath in this and all lands and for special effort in its behalf, and collections for the spread of literature. In devout gratitude let us unitedly praise God for the aroused interest in the preservation of the Lord's Day, for the forty millions represented on the petitions for Sunday closing of the World's Fair, for the decisive vote of Congress closing the gates, and the failure of efforts for repeal of that action. It is a triumph, the influence of which will be perpetual. While we are greatly joyful over the way the Lord has led us, yet in view of the great peril that still gathers around our Christian institutions and especially our Sabbath, we feel constrained, for the sake of home, religion, the cause of labor and the world's conversion, to ask all pastors, that during the first week of April next they use the services of the sanctuary, by sermons and prayer-meetings, to deepen the intelligent conviction of the people on the broad and practical lines of Christian law and living."

A short time ago the public press stated that a bill for legalizing lynching had been introduced into the Texas legislature. The president of Texas W. C. T. U., Mrs. Stoddard, writes us that this is a mistake and that the bill was one to make the county in which lynching took place liable to heirs not less than three thousand dollars, and that the parties interested may recover a sum of not less than five thousand dollars, from each participant of the wrong.

Ithaca, N. Y., the seat of Cornell College, we are glad to see, is engaging in a stirring campaign for no-license this spring, stimulated thereto by the beneficent results at Cambridge, Mass., the home of Harvard College. *The Plain Truth*, a sturdy little campaign sheet, gives the facts and urges the citizens of Ithaca to vote for an anti-saloon mayor. An appeal from the ministers to the citizens, pointing out the dangers of the saloon "in the midst," and asking for its overthrow, was recently issued. We, in common with other Christian temperance workers, will watch with interest the outcome of this determined effort.

Kansas City, the county seat of Wyandotte county, Kansas, is, through the efforts of the county equal saffragists, the scene of a unique political canvas this spring. A woman has been nominated for mayor and regardless of partisanship or color, every woman in the city is being urged to register and vote, according to the law of the state which gives women a voice in municipal affairs. Such a well-organized effort for good government is deserving of success.

The women's temperance work in England is passing through the same crisis and transition that is enshrined in the heroic history of the W. C. T. U. in America. To broaden its basis and classify its work was the purpose of Mrs. Bright Lucas, its former president, but advanced age and ill health rendered it impossible for her to cope with the conservatism of the executive committee. Lady Henry Somerset is now steadily endeavoring to accomplish the same great task, in which there is every reason to believe that the members of the British Women's Temperance Association, of which she has been president for nearly three years, are with her in sympathy and purpose. The executive committee of the Scottish women's union has unanimously agreed to stand by the progressive policy of Lady Henry Somerset, and various conferences and conclusions of the British auxiliaries indicate that a strong majority hold the same views.

—Geo Brandon, Jr., who is one of the best musicians in Bellefonte and the efficient organist at the Presbyterian church, has concluded to leave the town on the 3rd of April and accompany his father to Spangler, Cambria county, where he is to take charge of his new hotel built in that place during the past year. Sometime in September the young man will go to New York to further perfect himself in music. His many friends here will be sorry to see him go and the church will find it not easy to fill his place at their new organ.

—A prominent citizen of Shingletown, this county, says that all the children that have been born in that town since the Cleveland administration come into power are girls.

### BURIAL OF GEORGE SIMMS.

The funeral of George Simms, an aged colored man of Bellefonte whose death is recorded in another column, occured last Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the A. M. E. Church, Rev. C. Honesty, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Charles Garner, of Tyrone; Rev. J. J. Morris, of Altoona, and others officiated. There was a large gathering of friends to pay their last token of respect to a man who had by a quiet and upright life won the respect of all who knew him. Mr. Simms was in that early day before the war a slave. He escaped from bondage and made his way to Pine Grove in this county where he was seen by Judge Burnside who pursuaded him to come to Bellefonte and work for him. When the war of the rebellion broke out he went as cook for company H. After the war was over he returned to Bellefonte where he remained the balance of his life. He was thought to be 86 years old, although some said he was ten years older, but the fact is his age was not exactly known. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss. He was buried in the Union cemetery. The pall bearers were: Robert Nelson, Jacob Williams, Cal. Green, George Freeman, Wm. Sanders and Joseph Mayhew.

—After quite a spirited contest the many friends of Rev. W. A. Houck succeeded in having him retained at Bellefonte. He was also very much in demand at Altoona, where there were earnest appeals for him to be sent. The earnest way in which his friends worked to have him remain here or his fifth year was a flattering tribute to the man.

Splendid for a cough. Mrs. Kate Kidney, 22 Lewis St., San Francisco, Cal., writes from the Golden City: "I have been using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for nearly five years and have always found it a splendid remedy for a cough. I am never without a bottle in the house."

**The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.**

*Miss Lizzie Strong*
Kennett Square, Pa.


## Hood's Did It

### Cured a Train of Troubles

**Catarrh of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Tired Feeling, Etc.**

"I do feel that I owe a letter for publication, for Hood's Sarsaparilla has been of so great help to me. I was seriously troubled with **catarrh of the stomach and rheumatism.** I also had that tired feeling; was very nervous, so that sometimes I could not let the children play where I could hear them. I also had spells of being **light headed**, and could not see where to go. Could not walk across my room without help, nor do any washing or ironing. For five weeks I was

**Helpless With Rheumatism,**

which my physicians said was chronic. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has done me so much good that I earnestly recommend it to my friends. It has given me strength so that I can do my own washing and ironing and my housework. **My nerves also feel better** and stronger. I have a good appetite, and the pain and trouble in my stomach have not annoyed me since I took the first bottle. My friends all tell me I look better, and I tell them **Hood's did it.** I have been in poor health for 5 or 6 years, and have had the rheumatism, more or less, for 3 years. It is all gone now, and that awful tired feeling and a severe cough never trouble me." LIZZIE STRONG, Kennett Square, Pa.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

## Springtime

IS WHEN YOU NEED

A TONIC!
A BRACER!

WHEN YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS

CLEANSING!
INVIGORATING!

## Manners

DOUBLE EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

Will do it Quickly.
Will do it Thoroughly.

Largest and Best Curative Value.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.

MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

## What is CASTORIA

**Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.**

### Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

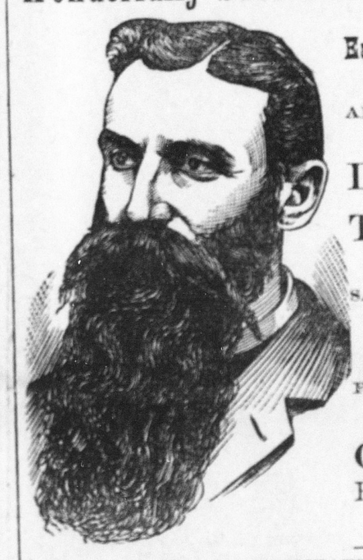
### Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

**The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.**

## Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases



—DISEASES OF THE—
Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Nasal Catarrh.

ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY THEM.

DR. MORITZ SALM
—WILL BE AT—
THE BUSH HOUSE,
Bellefonte, Pa.,

SATURDAYS—FEB. 25, MARCH 25, APRIL 22, MAY 20, JUNE 17, JULY 15, AUGUST 12, SEPT. 9, OCT. 7, NOV. 4, DEC. 2 & 30.
AT SYRACUSE HOUSE, HOWARD, PA., FRIDAYS—FEB. 24, MAR. 24, APRIL 21, MAY 19, JUNE 16, JULY 14, AUG. 11, SEPT. 8, OCT. 7, NOV. 4, DEC. 2.

ONE DAY ONLY.
Examination and Consultation FREE to Everybody.

ONCE MORE HALE AND HEARTY.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 13th, 1892

For more than 5 years I have had a bad eye trouble, etc., miserable case of dyspepsia, felt generally very bad, became very thin and pale and never had any appetite. But now, after only a few months treatment with Dr. Salm I have gained very much in flesh, my Dyspepsia is cured and my eyes are as well as anyones and I consider myself, thanks to the good Doctor, once more hale and hearty.
Miss MILLIE KELLY,
Attested by her mother, Snow Shoe
Sarah Kelly. Centre Co., Pa.

SELF—EXPLANTORY.

Tyrone Sept. 20, 1892

DR SALM.

The Medicine you gave me for Bronchitis and Asthma helped me wonderfully. There are 5 or 6 persons here who know of the success you have with me want to see you about their health. Let me know if you can stop over here, if not we will come to see you at Bellefonte Yours Resps.
MRS. Jennie Corsan.

THE EYES ARE NOW STRAIGHT THANKS TO THE DR.

Indiana Oct. 12th 1892.

I have been cross-eyed and that badly for over 28 years. Dr. Salm operated on both eyes in less than two minutes time, without causing the least pain, nor was I confined to my room for a single moment I can conscientiously say that they are now perfectly strong, thanks to the Dr.
MRS. CALLIE KINTER.

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS CURED.

Dr. M. Salm treated me for catarrh and bronchitis. I had been affected with it for years and was incapacitated for any work and suffered with sleeplessness, but now consider myself entirely cured. Will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to the above testimonial gratefully. JOHN NEWDORFER.
Delmont, Pa.

LUNG TROUBLE & CATARRH CURED

I have had lung trouble and a bad case of catarrh for years, my breathing became very laborious about a year before I came to Dr. M Salm under treatment, and I was unable to do any work whatever, appetite all gone and I became a complete physical wreck and I could see in my friends' eyes that they gave me up for lost. However, after all this, I consider myself now entirely cured, breathing good, no more catarrh, can work all day and feel happy once more; thanks to this great doctor. LIZZIE ALLISON.
Oct. 22, 1891. Blairsville Intersection.

REMOVAL OF POLIPUS.

For the last 12 years I have been troubled with catarrh and for the last 3 years could not breathe through my nostrils; had tried several doctors, and patent medicine in abundance without avail. Dr. Salm, of Columbus, said I had polipus in connection with catarrh; he removed them for me and I breathe again comfortably through both nostrils; altogether I am feeling much better and find myself on the highway to recovery.
WM. ROSENBERGER, 18 Muskingum St.,
June 27, 1889. Massillon, O.

EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

My daughter Alice had epilepsy to such a degree as to make her idiotic. She was of no use for work, and was not able to recognize any one, we brought her to Dr. Salm for treatment, and the improvement the Dr. worked on her is wonderful. She can work again, has her right mind, no more fits and can talk intelligibly with any one, and is hale and hearty again. JACAB SHAFFER.
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Oct. 21, 1891.

RUNNING OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS CURED.

For the last eight years my little daughter, Bertha, has had a severe case of running of the ear, the odor was fearful, she became pale, thin and generally complained, but after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm, she is hale and hearty, all running of the ear has stopped and her hearing before having been bad is good again. We recommend the doctor.
I G JONES.

Our daughter Mary has been crosseyed since birth, she is now 14 years old, and this day we brought her to Dr. Salm, who visits Indiana every four weeks, an operation was made of not more than a minute's duration, and was without pain no chloroform being given The eye is now as straight as any one's.
THOS. A JOHNSTON
SUE M JOHNSTON.
Advance, Indiana Co., Pa., Nov. 20, 1890.

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and remedies, quickly cured. Cancers, Tumors, fibroid and polypoid growths cured without the use of the knife or caustics. No cutting, no pain no danger.

Manhood perfectly restored. Quick, painless, and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrhœa losses, weak and nervous debility, also for prostatis, vericocele, and all private diseases, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cure guaranteed. No risk incurred. Free examination of the Urine—each persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring 2 to 4 ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination. Small Tumors, Cancers, Warts, Moles, etc., removed without acids, knife, pain or scar. New method Electroysis, Epilepso or fits scientifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method. Address all communications to Box 760, Columbus, Ohio. Examination and consultation free to everybody.

Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit


### LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., March, 20 1893

G. W. Brown, Samuel Garretl, Mrs. Mary Rockler, J. H. Lilly, Mrs. Hortense Miller, W. J. C. McMeckin, Lusher Minler, J. P. Vonada, Mrs. Lovin Matters.

When called for please say advertised.
J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

—Mac. Fortney, who was in the employ of the Pennsylvania rail road company at Altoona, was killed at that place last Friday. His remains were taken to his home at Boalsburg for interment. He was a young man. The funeral was held last Sunday, a large gathering of friends and acquaintances attended

Rain or storm, hail or snow, the letter carrier must be out toiling along the slushy streets. His duty compels him to face the pitiless storm, and rheumatism is frequently the result of such exposure. This, however may be readily cured by Salvation Oil, the best of liniments.

—When you want groceries don't forget the Eureka Grocery, High street, Bellefonte, they will treat you right and sell as cheap as the cheapest.


## THE DAVIS!

## THE DAVIS!

What is The Davis? The best Sewing Machine on earth.

It is the only vertical feed sewing machine ever made.

It sews through thick and thin, without any change of feed; which is the only feed, which will move one thickness or a dozen thicknesses of the same goods and sew the same without making any change.

It has all the attachments. It is light running. It is very durable and we guarantee it to be a long lived machine.

It is a beautiful piece of furniture and an ornament in any household.

Reader, if you want to make your wife happy, present her with a Davis Sewing Machine.

Young man, if you want to make a present to your sister or to some other young man's sister, a Davis Sewing Machine will make your attachment doubly strong and make you twice as happy.

We challenge any other sewing machines to meet the Davis in a contest, as to the real merits of each, and will be glad to make a public exhibition in practical and fancy sewing. If three or more machines will accept this challenge, we will furnish the room free of charge, including light and heat for that purpose.

We invite all persons interested in the best Sewing machines to call at our store and examine the Davis; when we will take great pleasure in exhibiting the machine and explaining its merits.

## McCALMONT & CO.

47 tf

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED. I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
CHARLES MCCLELLAN.
10-tf.

## EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells one

THE BEST QUALITIES
OF
Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

C O A L

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

## PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
ap15-1y

**Clothes** REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

Bright Agents Wanted Quick to Sell
CRAWFORD'S **BLAINE.**
—LIFE OF—
Written by Mr. Blaine's most intimate literary friend
THE OFFICIAL EDITION.
The only work endorsed by Vice Pres. Morton Att'y Gen. Miller, Private Sec. Halford, Sec. Foster, and a host of other of Mr. Blaine's Colleagues, Cabinet Officers, Senators, etc., hence will outsell any and all others five to one. Demand is simply immense. Send 50c. for outfit and save time. Don't waste time on cheap-John catchpenny books. Get the official work and best terms by writing quickly to HUBBARD PUB. CO.,
6 4t 406 Race St., Philada. Pa.,

# HOME DRESSMAKING.

## SOME PRACTICAL HINTS THAT ARE OF TIMELY VALUE.

**The Cloth for Waist Lining and the Way It Should Be Cut—The Importance of Basting, Ironing and Rebasting—How to Get a Perfect Fit.**

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

NUMBER I.

In presenting to our lady readers this series of articles on first class dressmaking as it is done abroad and by the best modistes of this country we believe we are doing them a lasting favor and one which will assist them in becoming accomplished dressmakers, so that, no matter how remote from the seat of fashion, no lady need wear garments that bear the unmistakable seal of "country" about them, and they may, if occasion requires, earn a respectable livelihood at home. These directions and diagrams are substantially the same as those employed by the great man dressmaker of Paris, and the fundamental principles are exactly the same. The lady who reads this series of six articles is advised to cut them out and paste them in a book for reference, and she will have something which would cost her twenty dollars to buy—the price of the "systems." No mechanical "system," however, can approach this in simplicity and practicability, and all so called systems fail if the waists are not tried on and managed after this plan, as no two women are formed alike, nor is any one woman precisely alike on both sides.

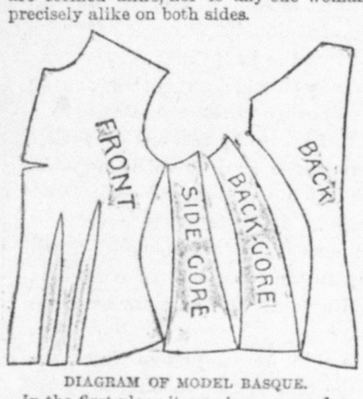



DIAGRAM OF MODEL BASQUE.

In the first place it requires one yard and a half of strong silesia or drilling for waist lining. This should be cut into the form shown by the diagram, but the darts should not be cut until it is fitted. To get the proper dimensions put the material, doubled lengthwise, on a table, and having the diagram before you measure the length of the waist from the neck to the bottom. Make dots at these places along the doubled selvage. Measure the length from shoulder to waist and the distance from the straight line from shoulder to front, keeping the same distance to bottom; then mark the darts, which must vary according to the figure of the person. If very stout they must be about two inches across at the waist line; if slender, one to one and a half, and a reference to the diagram will show the form. The back and side body pieces are to be measured from top to waist line.

When the lining is cut, allowing at least three inches margin beyond the seam, it should be basted and tried on, the seams being left on the outside. The fitter should then "take in" the seams and pin them until the whole lining fits perfectly, snug in all parts, but binding in none.

When the model waist lining has been thus fitted to the figure, take it off and iron it, so that the pins will make marks and show just where the seams should go. Then the lining should be rebasted, following the line of the pins on the outside of them, and the pins then pulled out. Try the lining on again, right side out. When the fit is perfect the lining should be ironed again, the seams being laid apart this time, and after this the basting stitches should be clipped so that the different pieces will fall apart without being pulled.

The lining, with an allowance for seams of at least one inch all around, can now be laid upon the outside material and pinned so that it cannot slip and be cut. Care must be taken that all the figures run one way if the goods are figured or the nap if of wool, and that the selvage edge comes straight with the front of the waist. The outside should be allowed a trifle larger than the lining, as it is often of goods that will fray.

Baste the lining to the outside with great care, for much of the beauty and smoothness depends upon the basting. The lining should be held upward so that it may be just the least bit looser than the outside. The basting stitches should follow the outline of every separate part of the basque and up both sides of each dart. More depends upon care in basting than people usually suppose.

When all the outlines are properly basted with stitches not more than one-fourth of an inch long, turn the front over and baste as designated by the pins. A very full bust will require a V shaped plait in front, as per diagram, in the lining only, and sometimes for quite stout ladies the front line will need turning in quite deep at neck and waist line, but the pinholes will show just how much is required.

The buttons go on the left side and the buttonholes on the right, and the lap for these should be deep enough to have the buttonholes cut in the doubled place. Leave the under lap flat and sew a strong piece of tape along for the buttons.

When this is done, baste the darts, beginning the seam from the top, tapering from an imperceptible point. The darts should never be very high, the back one being an inch higher than the front, and this about two inches below the under arm.

The seams must always be commenced from the top and carefully basted before sewing, care being taken to keep from puckering the seams. Baste the two darts first, then the side gores, beginning at the arm size. The two middle backs should be then basted together, beginning at the top; then the side pieces, which are the most difficult of all.

If the waist now proves to fit perfectly the seams can be sewn firmly and neatly, but always on the outside of the basting, next the edge, as the basted seams are elastic, and sewing them tightly makes a couple of inches difference. When they are sewn lay the seams open and trim the edges neatly with the scissors and overhand or bind with lustring, if preferred. At the waist line two slits should be cut in the seams nearly to the seam, and after the edges are bound or overcast they should be pressed carefully with a hot iron before the bone casings are sewn on or the ease belt, and before the bottom is finished off. If the goods are woolen, they should be slightly moistened; if of silk, the iron should not be too hot nor the silk moistened. The press board should have one thickness of flannel and one of muslin.

OLIVE HARPER.

Reception Gown.

Evening Costume.

Visiting Gowns.

## HONOLULU, THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The essential public interest attaching to Hawaii grows out of its control position in the commerce of the Pacific Ocean. Honolulu is exactly in the tract of all steamers sailing to Australasia from San Francisco or Puget Sound. The trade on this line is between kindred peoples now only in the gristle, but already includes one line of monthly steamers, with other lines in the early prospect. What will this traffic become when the two or three millions of English-speaking people on either coast shall have multiplied many fold?

Even more precisely is Honolulu in the direct route of one part of that enormous traffic from Atlantic to Pacific ports which eagerly awaits the cutting of the Nicaragua Ship Canal, to burst in an impetuous tide through the Isthmus. All the trade with China and Japan from America ports on the Atlantic must take the Nicaragua route. It is this large movement of ocean commerce impending in the immediate future which lends the most serious importance to the policial relations of the Hawaiian kingdon. Every ship from the Atlantic crossing the Pacific to Asia will naturally right the Hawaii Islands, and every steamer will be likely to replenish her coal bunkers at Honolulu. This fact will render the political condition and international relations of Hawaii of importance.—*From "America in Hawaii," in the March Review of Reviews.*

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c,

A STARTLING FACT.

SIXTEEN PER CENT. OF LIFE INSURANCE APPLICANTS REJECTED ON ACCOUNT OF DISEASED KIDNEYS.

The Trouble Comes From Lack of Care.

Dr. Lambert the general medical director of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, N. Y., said:

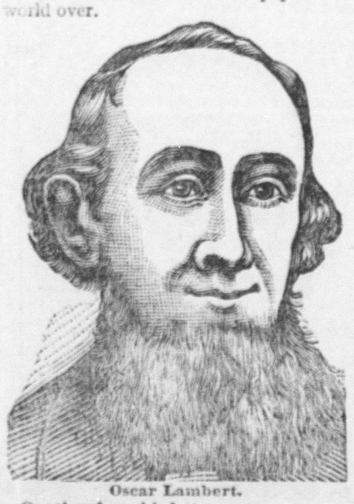
"We reject sixteen per cent. of the applications made to us for insurance, and I have saved the entire expense of this medical department, by the rejection alone of applicants who had diseased kidneys, and who died within two years after I rejected them."

This appalling statement coming as it does, from such high medical authority, should have the attention of our citizens. There is no reason to day, why people should allow kidney disease to get such a hold on them.

Nature sends her warning in the slight pain in the back, poor circulation of the blood, sediment in the urine. When any of these symptoms appear, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy should be taken in small doses at once, and thus drive the poison out of the blood and restore the kidneys to healthy action.

To our knowledge this is the only medicine that surely and effectually cures this almost universal complaint.

We note the happy recovery of Mr. Oscar Lambert, of Jerico, Mo., whose case has been talked of in the papers the world over.



Oscar Lambert.

Quoting from his letter.

"I neglected the first symptoms until I found myself in bed with a complicated disease of the kidneys. No mortal ever suffered more and lived. My physician failed to help me. I then used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. It relieved my kidneys almost immediately, and in a few weeks I was clear of all pain, and entirely cured, I owe my present lease of life to Favorite Remedy."

It is used and recommended for what it accomplishes. Writes Mrs. A. J. F. Manchester, from Providence, R. I.

"I began using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for kidney disease, when Doctors failed to relieve me. It drove a bad humor out of my blood, cured my kidney trouble, and I am truthful when I say it saved my life."

Wm. Huston the popular West Shore R. R. engineer, came out in an open letter stating how he had suffered with kidney disease. Physicians treatment, and the use of various preparations failed to benefit him. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, was procured and it made him well.

Favorite Remedy has had more free advertising in the columns of the daily papers, than anything we know of, from the fact that it does as is promised. "cures disease."

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy possesses marvelous strength giving qualities, that render it especialy, valuable to the aged or infirm. For a general all around tonic, and to cure any disease arising from an impure condition of the blood, it has no equal. Druggists are selling more of it than all others combined.

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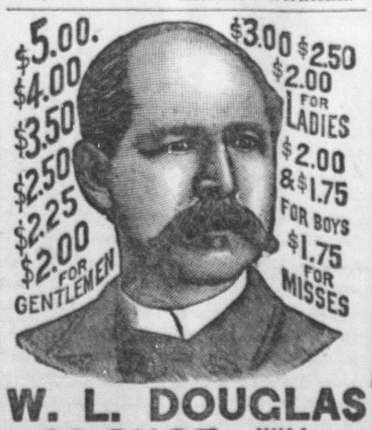

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# RUPTURE.

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Allow me to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

NATURE'S SUREST ALLY.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us, lest worst befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use of nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.


## THE BURGLAR.

He might very well have asked me for a fill of tobacco (we were fellow travelers in a third class carriage) without telling me that he had not smoked a pipe for 18 months.

In face of such candor I felt it no presumption to inquire in a friendly tone how he and the laws of his country had managed to fall out.

Pulling luxuriously at his pipe, he looked at me for a moment, decided apparently that I was a man who could appreciate a reminiscence, slapped his thigh and with a chuckle began his story:

"I'll tell you, sir, cos you're a gentleman. Me and my mate got wind of a very touchin little occurrence as 'ad took place at a crib called Minervy 'Ouse. The young ladies as got their learnin there took and gave the misses a 'luminated address and a 'andsome silver salver on the occasion when the old woman had bin teachin of 'em five and twenty year.

"It were a real 'andsome salver, and me and Bill saw it in the shop winder before it went up to the 'ouse. Well, sir, me and Bill 'ad bin workin 'ard for five and twenty year, too, mighty 'ard some of it on 'er majesty's 'lowance o' grub—and we thought we 'ad as good a right to that salver as the missus.

"She could 'ave the address, and we'd call it square. So one dark night we packed up the tools and started for Minervy 'Ouse.

"We knowed about where the plate was kep'. It lay in a chest in the old lady's room on the second floor, and we knowed about where a ladder was, too, and we reckoned we could persuade the old lady to lay quiet.

"'Ere's luck. We don't want no ladder. They got the fire escape up ag'in the wall, and, jedge me, if it ain't slap by the missus' winder!'

"You may guess, sir, as we said grace, for gettin the ladder hout was the ticklish bit on account of the gardener sleepin 'andy to it.

"'Lord! it's easy as drinkin,' says I, so we 'adn't much fear of the job goin wrong. Well—trouble you for another fill, sir—when we come over the wall and got near the 'ouse, Bill 'e says, 'Up we goes, and there we are!'

"Up we went, sir—I fust and Bill follerin. The escape was beautiful goin, and o' course no one could spot us, but I told Bill to stay near the bottom and give me a shout if any one came round.

"Well, then up I goes, sir, soft and sure, and soon I was a-standin with my 'ead just out o' the escape and not three feet below the winder. I 'adn't made a sound, sir—swelp me, I 'adn't, and it was all goin beautiful. Things was so quiet that I 'ailed Bill and told him to come up and bring the sack for the stuff, and he come up, and we waited arf a minute and 'eard nothink.

"'Now 'ist me up, old man,' says I, 'and I'll do the trick.' Bill was just a-puttin his shoulder under my leg to 'ist me when, all on a sudden, the shindy begun.

"A bell rung. There was shrieks of 'Fire! Fire!' then a lot of runnin about and a bit o' laughin and screechin, and then the escape begun to move. You may suppose, sir, as we wasn't over and above pleased. We got down into the escape and lay still, sir, and the old thing moved like winkin.

"Some one down below says, 'Lor', Millie, ain't it 'eavy?' But we traveled, sir, all the same. Presently we stopped, and I says to Bill:

"'Can we clear?'

"'Not it,' says he. 'There's a' crowd on 'em down below.'

"'Curse the fire,' says I. 'Can you see it?'

"'No,' says Bill. 'Blamed if'——

"Jest at that minute, sir, we 'eard a winder open. And thump! Somethin soft come tumblin down on me, driving my 'ead into my shoulders and my feet into Bill's mouth. You should 'ave 'eard Bill! Then the soft thing giv' a awful screech, and, thump! come another, and my 'ead come further into my neck, and my toes go further down old Bill's throat.

"Thump came another and then another, and that started us, and we all bundled off to the bottom of the escape like a flash o' lightning—Bill at the bottom, me next, and the rest o' 'em—they was gals, sir—screamin and 'ollerin and gigglin like mad.

"Then, when we touched bottom, first thing I knew was some one a-turnin the garden 'ose full on me, while a fat old girl shouted out, 'Now, then, rule 13, use the 'ose freely!'

"They did use it, sir. Soon as ever I tried to sing out I got a gallon druv into me—16 'orsepower—and took down more water than ever I did afore.

"Last, the old gal with the book—'er was shoutin 'Rule 13'—twigged me and Bill, and then the fun begun over again.

"Way went the book and Rule 13; way went all the gals as 'ad come down with us in the escape—and there was above a dozen, sir, I'll take my oath—and they stopped singin out 'Fire!' and began to 'oller 'Thieves! Murder!'

"Then I says to Bill, 'Time we moved, eh, Bill?' But Bill, 'e groaned and damned me for breakin his teeth, and lay still wringin out his clothes, and afore he come to 'imself the gardener was sittin on his 'ead, and the copper 'ad mine tucked away comfa'ble under his arm, and the game was jest about up, sir.

"Well, sir, look at it. If there'd bin a fire, it 'ud 'a' bin jest 'ell's own luck, and there 'ud 'a' bin an end of it. But, Lor' bless ye, there never warn't no fire!

"When they brought us to the old girl, so as she could charge us, there she was, with about 20 pretty young ladies all round 'er—all on 'em in the neatest bathin dresses you ever see, with their 'eads in sponge bags so as not to spile their 'air, and the old gal smiled and laughed, and she says:

"'So very fortunate, Mr. Constable, that it occurred tonight. Hotherwise we might not 'ave detected these wicked men.'

"Then I up and says, 'It's the fortin o' war, mum, and we ain't complainin, but I'd take it kindly, mum, if you'd tell us what in the old un's name you might be up to, for I don't see no more fire nor I could put on the end of my thumb and heat for a relish.'

"And she says: 'Ye don't deserve, man, as how I should tell ye anythink, but as ye arsk it 'appens that you made yer wicked attempt on the night of hour fire drill'—and it's a fact, sir; the copper told me 'imself.

"Once a week them gals get up a fire out of their own 'eads, put on their bathin dresses, tumble down that there escape and garden 'ose 'emselves at the bottom. That's 'fire drill,' that is, sir. And you may bet as 'ow I shan't forgit it."

He mopped his brow. A sudden vision of the young ladies descending in an avalanche on him and Bill came across me, and I burst out laughing. After a moment he laughed, too, slapping his thigh. Then he recovered his gravity and appealed to me as a reasonable man:

"Once a week, hall the year round, sir. Ain't it handicappin a man?"—St. James Gazette.

## EARTH'S CHOICEST BLESSING.

**Perfect Health Makes Existence a Joy, Which Alcohol Ruins and Destroys.**

Sir Andrew Clark, general physician in the largest hospital in London, says that health is that state of the body in which all its functions go on without notice or observation, in which existence is felt to be a pleasure, and in which it is a kind of joy to see, to hear, to touch, to live. That is the choice blessing we call health, and none on earth is choicer or, alas, so rare!

Sir Andrew continues: "Now, let me say that is a state which cannot be in any way benefited by alcohol; it can bear it for awhile, sometimes without obvious injury, but benefited by it, never! In venture to say there is a certain state of joy of existence, for I cannot call it anything else, a sense in which one feels what a pleasure it is to look out upon the green fields, to hear pleasant sounds, to touch pleasant hands, to know that life is a satisfaction. This, I say, is a state in which a sort of discord is produced by alcohol. This is a state in which sooner or later the music goes out of tune under the continued influence of alcohol. This is an ideal life that rarely in this age comes to us dwellers in cities and towns. From the sins of our forefathers, from the unsuitable surroundings in which we dwell, from our own vices or mistakes, it somehow or other rarely comes to any one of us.

"I call perfect health the loveliest thing in the world, and alcohol even in small doses will take the bloom off, will injure the perfection of loveliness of health both mental and moral. I go still further and say alcohol is not only no helper of work, but a hinderer of work, and every man that comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic—that the more busy he gets the less in the shape of alcohol he takes, and his excuse is, 'I am very sorry, but I cannot take it and do my work.'"

**Wine on New Year's Day.**

It seems to me that in the present state of the world, and in the present state of life, it must be a matter of utter thoughtlessness on the part of persons that would offer on such a day as New Year's to the young the means of intoxication, knowing as they do that there will be many coming to their houses who are not able to resist temptation; knowing that many who, coming to their houses and to scores of other places and being tempted to drink, will turn that day into a disgrace to themselves and to their friends; knowing the unutterable mischiefs that spring from intemperance; knowing what torments and evil experiences are going on about them.

I cannot conceive how any should spread upon their table the means of destruction for the young. I would not, for the price of my life, turn out in my parlor a whole box of adders, saying, "If men will keep their eyes open and be moderately careful where they step, they will not be bitten." And yet I could as easily justify myself for doing that as for putting wine on my table and offering it to the young.

"At last it biteth like a serpent," is written of strong drink, but that is not the whole of the truth; it does not always wait to the last. It often bites at first, and all the way through to the end. —From Hitherto Unpublished Material by Henry Ward Beecher in Ladies' Home Journal.

**An Ancient Temperance Pledge.**

The following ancient and unique temperance pledge was found written upon the blank leaf of an old English book, which has been handed down from parent to child for several generations:

BROUGHTON, 1637.

Frome this daye forwerde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge anye health, nor drinke a whole carrouse in a glasse, cupp, bowle or other drinking instrument whatsoever; whosoever it be, or from whomsoever it come, except the necessitye of nature doe require it. Not my owne most gracious Kinge; nor anye the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth. Nor my dearest ffriende, nor all the goulde in the worlde, shall ever enforce me or allure me; not an Angele ffrom Heaven whoe I knowe will not attempt it should persuade me. Not Satan, with all his old subtilllities, nor all the powers of Hell itself, shall ever betray me.

By this very sinne (for a sinne it is, and not a little one), I doe plainly vow that I have more offended and dishonored my great and glorious Maker, and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinnes that I am subject unto; and for this very sinne I knowe it is that God hath often bene strange unto me. And for that cause and noe other, respect have I thus vowed; and I heartilye begg my good Father in heaven of his great goodness and infinite mercie, in Jesus Xt. to assist me in the same, and to be favorable untoe me for what is past. Amen.

April 10, 1637. R. BOLTON.

**A Saving at the Spigot.**

It is estimated that $1,000,000 of tobacco revenue of Great Britain is drawn from juvenile consumers. If ever there was an illustration of saving at the spigot and losing at the bunghole, this is one. The Antinarcotic league has drafted a bill for presentation to parliament asking that tobacco be prohibited to young persons under 16 years of age, and that it be made a punishable offense to sell it to any such person.

**Let It Be Adopted.**

An English chemist suggesting that in addition to the word poison a list of antidotes be printed on the labels of bottles containing poisons, the Boston Traveller suggests the following inscriptions to be printed on the labels of bottles containing alcoholic poison:

It biteth like a serpent;
It stingeth like an adder.
Death is in it!
Touch not! Taste not!

**Shingling the Rum Seller's Roof.**

One night a poor wretch in a wayside saloon,
Who lingered half drunken about,
Heard the voice of the rum seller's wife, as she said,
"Go, put yonder drunken fool out."
The rum seller laughed as he shrewdly replied,
In tones that would brook no reproof,
"Let him stay if he will; he's doing no harm:
The fellow is shingling our roof."

The months passed away, but he came not again,
The rum seller noted with pain.
And seeking him out with hospitable air,
He begged his "old friend" to explain.
"You want me to visit again your saloon
And ask why I linger aloof?
With thanks for your kindness, allow me to say
Because I am shingling my roof."

—World's White Ribbon.

## LIST OF JURORS DRAWN FOR THE APRIL TERM OF COURT.

GRAND JURORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| John Meese, merchant | Bellefonte |
| Emil Joseph, merchant | Bellefonte |
| N G Pletcher, carpenter | Howard twp |
| Jonn S Walker, clerk | Bellefonte |
| Michael Hess, farmer | Haines |
| W H Corman, gent | Miles |
| Robert Treaster, foreman | Howard |
| Samuel Musser, farmer | Gregg |
| Curtis Fox, farmer | Curtin |
| J M Arney, farmer | Potter |
| B F Miller, farmer | Miles |
| Elmer Reed, plasterer | Ferguson |
| Joseph Bechtol, farmer | Liberty |
| Joseph Mingle, laborer | College |
| E E Erhard, carpenter | Unionville |
| John Mallory, blacksmith | Miles |
| Jeremiah Ertle, laborer | Gregg |
| Samuel Everett, carpenter | Penn |
| B F Brown, farmer | Haines |
| Francis McBath, farmer | Patton |
| Thomas A Meyer, farmer | Haines |
| John Noll, mason | Bellefonte |
| H C Robison, salesman | Walker |
| John Barger, laborer | Boggs |

TRAVERSE JURORS—1st week.

| | |
|---|---|
| J L Rote, huckster | Spring |
| W P Parson, farmer | Huston |
| J Dorsey Green, gent | Patton |
| Henry Daughenbach, laborer, | Howard |
| J C Miller, accountant | Bellefonte |
| J L Zerby, mason | Potter |
| David J Gates, farmer | Halfmoon |
| C S Fortney, farmer | Potter |
| David Thomas, farmer | Patton |
| E A Meyer, miller | Harris |
| James Musser, carpenter | Haines |
| R U Bitner, teacher | Gregg |
| W F Rockey, huckster | Potter |
| Stephen Waugh, laborer | Rush |
| Owen Hancock, clerk | Philipsburg |
| Irvin Robison, farmer | Curtin |
| Irvin Spangler, laborer | Liberty |
| George Taylor, gent | Boggs |
| Harry Searson, agent | Harris |
| John R Herd, clerk | Philipsburg |
| Thomos Sanders, laborer | Howard twp |
| J W Oyler, farmer | Curtin |
| William Cronoble, laborer | Walker |
| George Yearick, teacher | Miles |
| John Rossman, laborer | Boggs |
| Frank Beck, machinist | Philipsburg |
| J H Meyers, farmer | Harris |
| George Markle, laborer | Benner |
| Conrad Miller, mason | Spring |
| A V Jackson, laborer | Bellefonte |
| Henry Summers, laborer | Haines |
| Jackson Watson, laborer | Snow Shoe |
| John Butler, laborer | Howard twp |
| P S Richards, laborer | Taylor |
| D F Runkle, agent | Gregg |
| Frank Hunter, laborer | Spring |
| J I Condo, blacksmith | Gregg |
| Wm. Irvin, farmer | Marion |
| Wm. Crawford, laborer | Ferguson |
| George Veihderfer, farmer | Burnside |
| Michael Stover, laborer | Rush |
| John Snavely, farmer | Potter |
| Wm. Stover, farmer | Penn |
| Joseph Smith, wagonmaker | Gregg |
| B C Achenbach, baker | Bellefonte |
| John Gingery, farmer | Huston |
| Emanuel Garbrick, farmer | Walker |
| John Beamer, miner | Philipsburg |

TRAVERSE JURORS—2nk week.

| | |
|---|---|
| Al. Walters, cashier | Millheim |
| G R Spigelmeyer, merchant | Bellefonte |
| Elmer Barr, laborer | Ferguson |
| Perry Confer, farmer | Haines |
| Pierce Vonana, engineer | Penn |
| George F Shook, farmer | Gregg |
| Geo. Clark, farmer | Halfmoon |
| J C Condo, blacksmith | Gregg |
| George Uzzle, farmer | Snow Shoe |
| Michael Connelly, formean | Spring |
| Henry Frederics, farmer | Harri |
| Harry Brown, laborer | Show Shoe |
| Wm. Hasel, carpenter | Miles |
| Wm. Kerrin, farmer | Snow Shoe |
| C J Finkle, farmer | Gregg |
| W C Wantz, farmer | Haines |
| Ed. Longwell, butcher | Benner |
| Jacob Ray, blacksmith | College |
| Samuel Kreamer, farmer | Haines |
| Eph. Glenn, farmer | Patton |
| John Gruber, barber | Philipsburg |
| James McDermott, mason | Bellefonte |
| Henry Elder, farmer | Ferguson |
| C G Bilger, laborer | Rush |
| W M Melick, druggist | Philipsburg |
| Berton Henderson, farmer | Benner |
| S Y Lucas, laborer | Spring |
| O S Woomer, laborer | Rush |
| Wm. Platt, miner | Philipsburg |
| S P McDonald, foreman | Unionville |
| Isaac Pressler, miller | Marion |
| Alfred Swarm, plasterer | Miles |
| Robert Burley, wagonmaker | Boggs |
| Patrick Parker, laborer | Rush |
| Clayton Brumgart, farmer | Miles |
| J S Reish, farmer | Potter |


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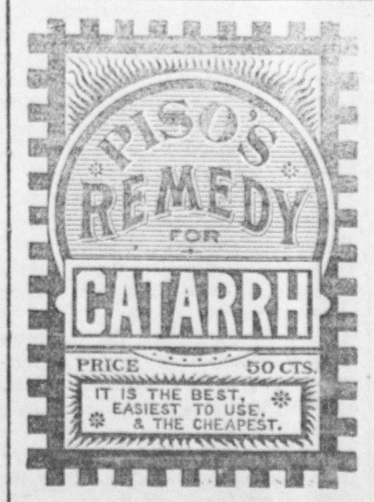


may 27-1y

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

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All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

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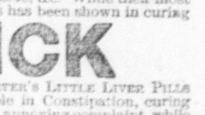

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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November 16, 890.

Direct communication made with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Williamsport for Philadelphia, New York and intermediate points.

| READ UP No 35 | READ UP No 41 | STATIONS. | READ DOWN No 32 | READ DOWN No 38 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| P. M. | | | | P M |
| 1 35 | | Gazzam | | 2 25 |
| 1 27 | | Kerrmoor | | 2 33 |
| 1 18 | | New Millport | | 2 39 |
| 1 10 | | Olanta | | 2 47 |
| 1 00 | | Mitchells | | 2 56 |
| 12 20 | P M | | A M | |
| 12 00 | 9 15 | Clearfield | 7 00 | 3 30 |
| 11 41 | 8 55 | Woodland | 7 19 | 3 50 |
| 11 34 | 8 48 | Bigler | 7 26 | 3 57 |
| 11 28 | 8 43 | Wallaceton | 7 42 | 4 03 |
| 10 35 | L 7 50 | Philipsburg | L 7 25 | L 5 55 |
| 11 30 | A 8 45 | | A 8 25 | A 4 50 |
| 11 05 | 8 29 | Munsons | 7 55 | 4 25 |
| 10 42 | 7 55 | Peale | 8 21 | 4 51 |
| 10 17 | 7 53 | Gillintown | 8 44 | 5 14 |
| 10 09 | 7 25 | Snow Shoe | 8 52 | 5 22 |
| 9 02 | 6 27 | Beech Creek | 9 46 | 6 27 |
| 8 47 | 6 13 | Mill Hall | 10 00 | 6 43 |
| 8 41 | 7 07 | Lock Haven | 10 08 | 6 52 |
| 8 32 | 6 57 | Wayne | 10 15 | 7 03 |
| 8 10 | 5 35 | Jersey Shore | 10 35 | 7 25 |
| 7 35 | 5 00 | Williamsport | 11 10 | 8 00 |
| A. M. | P M | | A M | P M |
| A. M. | P M | | A M | P M |
| 7 10 | 2 56 | Williamsport | 11 55 | 11 09 |
| 11 30 | 11 53 | Philadelphia | 4 05 | 6 50 |
| | 10 08 | New York via Easton | 5 50 | |
| 7 30 | 8 35 | New York via Phila. | 8 30 | 9 30 |
| P M | A M | | P M | A M |

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—Clearfield Accommodation leaves Gazzam at 8.20 a m and 6.0 p m, arriving at Clearfield at 10.15 a m and 7.30 p m.

Gazzam Accommodation leaves Clearfield at 6.10 a m and 4.00 p m, arriving at Gazzam at 8.00 a m and 5.30 p m.

Sleeping car on Through Express both ways between Williamsport and Philadelphia Ninth and Green street station daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.—At Gazzam with stages to and from Ansonville, Erwinsdale and Bell's Gap Railroad. At Clearfield with stages to and from DuBois and Penfield. At Jersey Shore with Pine Creek Division of Fall Brook Railway. At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for all points East.

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F. Marion Crawford, Paul Lindau,
Jerome K. Jerome, Catulle Mendes,
Edgar Fawcett, Francoise Coppee,
Julian Hawthorne, Anatole France, &c &c
Ambrose Bierce,
Mary J. Hawker ("Lucas Malomer")

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# Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.


## Local Department.

—Major H. H. Benner. who left Bellefonte now over a year ago, can be reached by his friends by letter at 151 Westminster Place.

—Martin McGowan, a man about 80 years of age, died at his home near Mann's Axe works last Friday evening. He had lived in the county for a great number of years.

—Joseph D. Harris, son of John Harris of Bellefonte, surprised his parents by suddenly appearing home on the morning train last Wednesday. Joe is now located at Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Lew McQuistion has been very sick at his home on High street, west ward of Bellefonte, for a time he was considered in a critical condition but improved and will soon be about again.

—Robert A. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio, is a republican candidate for mayor in that city. His many friends in Bellefonte would be pleased to learn that he had won the prize in that democratic city.

Rev. George Zehner, of Northumberland, the new pastor of the Evangelical church of Bellefonte, arrived in town last week Wednesday and accepted the hospitality of county Treasurer Gramley on Bishop street.

—A little fire occured last Saturday at Valentine's furnace. The roof of a shanty occupied by a lot of Hungarians caught fire and was burned off. The little episode caused some excitement among the huns for a while.

—It is said that rats are scarcre than ever before in Bellefonte and the reason is said to be because the inhabitants have on hand a fine lot of terrier dogs and Maltese cats who maintain constant warfare against these pets.

—Gen. D. H. Hastings addressed the members of the M. E. Conference and the public at the church last Tuesday evening on the subject of "Methodism." He made his remarks very entertaining to the large audience that assembled to hear him.

—It is said that Prof. Spankenburg, who has got employment in Bellefonte will attempt to resurrect the Bellefonte band; he is said to be a first class musician. The town has the instruments, so all that is needed is the artists to perform on them.

—It is said that Charles Cruse and James Harris will open a dancing school in Bellefonte. Mr. Cruse will furnish the music and Mr. Harris will do the teaching. Both young men are fully qualified for the duties they have taken upon themselves to perform.

—The Loveland axe works at Lamar, Clinton county, which were lately burned, mention of which was made in the REPUBLICAN at the time, are to be rebuilt at once. This will assure work to a large force of workmen that the fire had thrown out of employment.

—Methodist Ministers are always just right on the temperance question and Bellefonte was well favored by them last Sunday in several able discourses on this subject. Bellefonte has been highly entertained during the past week by its influx of talented visitors.

—Temperance meetings under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and the B. T. U are in full blast at the Court House, having commenced last night. Edward Carswell, one of the most eloquent orators of the day, is the speaker. Large crowds are in attendance; the meetings are free to all, Don't fail to hear this eloquent champion temperance.

—Miss Mollie Snyder has got located in her new quarters on Bishop street and is now ready to deck our ladies out in millinery of the latest styles. She never fails so please, and we have often wondered, she is so pushing, handsome and ladylike, that some "horrid man" does not coax her to get married; she is qualified to grace a palace.

—Moving time is approaching and there are some families in Bellefonte that will no doubt take this opportunity to move in the "chilly nights." Every year there are some people that think it better to move at Midnight than pay the little balance of rent due and the landlords think it better to let them than to bother following them with any process of law.

—Miss Nancy Newell, an aged lady, fell on the pavement near the residence of Mrs. Henry Brockerhoff, on Bishop street, last Tuesday afternoon and dislocated her hip. John Noll, William Brackbill and Ed. Brown, Jr., who saw the accident, hurried to her assistance and found her so badly hurt that a carriage was called to take her home. Dr. George Harris was called to render surgical aid.

—The senate committee of the state legislature visited the State College last Tuesday. They came in a special train. The committee consisted of Senators Becker, Woods, Crawford Henninger, Critchfield, Steele, Green, Meredith and Myers. They arrived at the College at 11 o'clock in the morning. They spent the time in examining the working of the institution and expressed themselves as much pleased with all they saw.

### THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE

The event of last week of great importance and interest was the gathering called together by the meeting of the M. E. Conference. It has been estimated that there were a thousand strangers here; the meetings were all of absorbing interest and the church was crowded all the time. To give full report of everything that happened at this gathering of earnest workers in Christ's Vineyard would fill this paper full to the exclusion of all other news, or matter of any kind. The conference heldits first session on Wednesday morningand got down to earnest work at once. Last week we gave the begining of this great gathering of christian workers.

ALTOONA DISTRICT.

Dr. Hamlin made a full report of the ALTOONA district in which he gave a glowing account of the great progress made in every department of church work. Among the charges especially favored in this respect Chestnut Avenue, Curwensville, Penn's Valley, Philipsburg, Osceola, Irvona, and Milesburg, the conversions in each of these numbering upwards of a hundred souls. The whole number of conversions reported in the district was 2000; a new church has been built at Munson, Pa., at a cost of $1,500; also one at Tyrone at a cost of $5,000; at Kennieraville, in Brush Valley, where Methodism heretofore had not been able to get a foothold, a hall has been purchased at a cost of $800. fixed up for a church and will be dedicated the coming yoar. The church at Osceola, M. C. Piper, has been repaired at a cost of $2,000. Many other churches throughout the district have been repaired at a cost of from $100 to $500 about $6000 having been spent in church inprovement. New churches in contemplation are one at Curwensville, to cost $18,000; $6,000 for church inprovement has been raised in Bellefonte during the aosorate of W. A. Houck; about $1,289 has been expended on the parsonage at Curwensville; a new parsonage is nearing completion at State College; about $3000 has been raised in the district for the improvements of parsonages. The outlook for Methodism in Altoona district is encouraging. It embraces a territory, the vast material resources of which are but partially developed; but the church is one on the alert. Her membership is vigorous, full of life and determined to keep place with the growling demands of the country and of the times.

In the mining portions of the district large monied interests are invested. Small settlements are constantly springing up, in all of which members of our church are to be found, desiring the ministry of the world and yet so scattered as that grouping of them into charges is as yet very difficult. The pastors, however, are doing what they can to meet the demand, adding to their already large circuits new appointments, in some cases preaching as often as four times on the Sabbath.

WILLIAMSPORT DISTRICT.

A church has been dedicated at Berchwood at a cash of $375; the society is small. A New church at Blackwell at a cost of $1,500, a revival of religion followed. A church at Fairpoint at a cost of $2,200; at Emporum, Jan 29; 1893, their new church was dedicated, cost $15,000, on Feb. 19, the church at Hyner was dedicated; cost 2, 000, at Montandon a new parsonage has been built at a cost $1,300. The parsonage at Newberry has been repaired at a cost of $1300. at Milton $875 was expended to repair church at Worbrick $500, Limestone $95, Hepburnville $75, Montonsville $170, on chapel of grace church Williamsport $33, state Run sunday school room cost $900. The church at Linden has been repaired at a cost of $150, Cost the church $170, Wharton $40, Fairview $100, Salona. The parsonage at Austin has been repaired at a cost of $100, at Watsontown $150, at Salona $175, On the parsonage of Great Island circuit $1200 On the church at Lewisburg $400 of a floating debt of Trinity church, Lock Haven and $900 of the debt on the parsonage $230. On the church at Pennfield, 1700. The entire balance of the church debt at Renovo, $35. Parsonage debt at Waterville $1000. On parsonage debt at Fourth street, Williamsport and $1600 of the debt on Pine street church, Williamsport contributions for missions may reach $8,500.

Wednesday afternoon the Women's Home Missionary society held its anniversary. An address was delivered by Mrs. Dr. Reed, Mrs. T. L. Tomkins, also on Home Missions.

On Wednesday evening the anniversary of the Freedman's Aid society. Dr. J. W. Hamilton was the principal speaker. He made many startling and interesting points.

On Thursday morning the following paper was offered and adopted:

WHEREAS, One of our missionaries, Rev. J. H. Nelson, is imprisoned in Para, Brazil, because of his religious convictions and adherence to duty, therefore,

*Resolved*, That a committee of three ministers and two laymen be appointed to suggest such action as should be taken by this conference. Signed: D. S. Monroe, R. Kinkle, J. M. Lantz, J. S. Beyer, M. K. Foster, T. S. Wilcox, W. A. Carver.

The suming up shows $49,615 expended in the payment of debts; for Missions $9,576; for church extension $1,005; for Freedman's aid and southern education society $1081; for conference claimants $1,689; Woman's Foreign amd Home Missionary societies respectively, $3,466.

Rev. F. B. Biddle preached the quarter centenial sermon taking for his text Isaiah 27-23.

Rev. Edward Schell, secretary of the Epworth League, spoke briefly.

Dr. Breckinridge, of the Brooklyn Hospital, spoke of the work being done there.

Bishop Warren announced the following committee on the inprisonment of Bro. Nelson: Revs. W. W. Evans, W. A. Stephens, L. M. Smyser, Laymen Dr. Evans, of Altoona, M. H. Jackson, of Berwick.

On Thursday afternoon Rev. W. A. Stephens, of Shamokin reported the growth of the church in the Danville District. In 1868 we had eight parsonages valued at $20,000, we now have thirty valued at $78,400.

We then had sixty-one churches valued at $149,300; we now have 113 churches valued at $430,400. The District then had a membership of 4,440 now 10,007. The Sunday schools had a membership of 7,417 now 16,087. The progress in the benevolent causes is also marked. In 1868, $2,774 were contributed for missions, last year $10,120.

For Conference claimants, then $629 now $1,765.

The other benevolences summed up in 1868—$335, now $2293.

Rev. W. C. Hesser reported for Harrisburg District. There has been an increase in membership of 4,636, churches 3; valuation $404,000, parsonages 9; Sunday school scholars, 6,044, missions $5,630. Ministerial support, $16,844.

Rev. J. B. Polsgrove on the growth in Juniata District in the last 25 years. Charges 9, members 3,599, churches 40, parsonages 14, value $122,500, Sunday schools 41, scholars 5020.

Rev. R. H. Gilbert for Altoona District. It is located chiefly in Blair, Centre and Clearfield counties and occupies small portions of Clinton, Huntingdon and Bedford counties. At its organization it comprised 23 pastoral charges. In these charges there were 4272 members and 800 probationers. These contributed to the benevolences of the church as follows:

Mission $3,009, conference claimants $631, church extension $248.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Rev. J. M. Lantz read his report of the Juniata District. The Epworth League has grown from 38 chapters to 47, and from 1,300 members active and associated to 2,400. The influence and power of this army of young people is felt in all the great activities of the church.

The spirit of revival which characterized the district last year, has not diminished. Our altars have gloriously triumphed. Rejoicing angels have witnessed the conversion of 1,722 souls, who have bowed at our altars and risen to testify to the power of the gospel.

The total amount expended in the District for building new churches and church repairs is $14,174. The total amount for building parsonages and repairs $91,004. Receipt for pastors for Episcopal fund and conference claimants, total $30,203.

Contributed for all purposes, not including incidental expenses, $71,135 increase for all purposes, not including incidental expenses $11,791.

Rev. John Donahue reported for Danville District; total amount expended for church repairs and new buildings $8,195.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Anniversary exercises of the Epworth League, Central Pa. Conference the secretary reported. Altoona district reported 23 Leagues, Danvitle district 21 Leagues, Harrisburg district 46 Epworth League, Juniata district 32 Leagues, Williamsport district 29 Leagues. Total for the conference 153 Leagues with 10,828 members, 38 Junior Leagues with 8,149 members, 1286 Heralds.

The twenty second question was taken up and the supernumerary ministers passed under review.

The following is the revised list: W. E. Hoch, J. H. S. Clarke, C W Marshell, J W Leckie, C W Burnley, J R Akers, L A Rudi-ill, J A Woodcock, L G Heck, L S Crone, J Z Lloy. J C Clarke, I H Torrence A W Gibson, G B Ague, A D McClosky, J J Pearce, T H Tubbs, H S Mendenhall, G W Dunlap, M L Smith, John Vrooman, B F Stevens, M P Crosthwaite, B P King, H A Curran, and S P Boone.

The relation of Rev's W H Norcross, J H McCord, R H Warton and Elisha Shoemaker was changed from supernumerary to effective.

The following is the revised list of superannuated ministers; Thos Taneyhill, Geo Berkstresser, William Chriber, J P Bobb, Thomas Greenly, R E Kelly, John Stein, J Y Rothrock, G H Day, Thompson Mitchell, W H Stevens, T A Elliott, D R McCloskey and J W Olewine.

The third question was taken up and the class admitted on probation last year were all continued on probation another year.

The list is as follows: Henry K Ash, Hugh Strain, J H Price, F W Curray, A D Meloy, J H Dougherty, Augustus S Fasic, Charles H Campbell, George M Frownfelter, Nelson E Cleaver, Morris E Swartz, Charles McClean Barnitz.

On Friday and Saturday followed reports and speeches. The following paper was received and laid on table until Monday.

The committee on coustitutional prohibition report.

1st. We adopt with slight modification, the language of the New England Conference of our church.

WHEREAS, According to testimony from many sources, it is our opinion that the two chief political parties of the country are in practical complicity with the liquor traffic, and the allegation is sustained by the fact that they are largely depended on the liquor vote, and the rumsellers occupy positions of influence in the councils of these parties and that they persistenly refuse to make the liquor trafficillegal, therefore.

*Resolved*, That as Christain ministers and citizens we repudiate these parties as false to political morality and unworthy of the votes of those who pray to God for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

*Resolved*, That we favor constitutional prohibition, both National and State.

*Resolved*, That we hereby enter our most solemn portest against any connected with the Methodist church singing license applications, acting as attorneys in behalf of license applications, or in any form giving aid in securing the same.

*Resolved*, That at some time during or next annual Conference session a meeting be held in behalf of constitutional prohibition.

J. A. MOYER, Chairman.

F. S. VOUGHT, secretary.

The question of where shall the next conference be held was taken up. Invitations were received from Tyrone, Altoona and Harrisburg.

The conference accepted the invitation to Fifth street church, Harrisburg. A subscription was taken for the American University amounting to $7,262. The notices were given and the benediction pronounced by Bishop Warren.

W. T. Woodcock, of Altoona, was introduced and among other things said:

Church building was the crown and glory of our beloved Methodism. It has placed its church in every clime and following in the footsteps of Stanley it is building its churches in darkest Africa and dispelling the darkness by letting shine the light of the gospel.

Our church property now is worth at least $79,000,000. The church extension society has either built or helped to build since its organization no less than 859 churches. Up to 1867 when this society was organized the denomination built 11,121 churches, valued at $26,900,000. Up to 1895 the denomination erected 23,395, valued at $98,000,000 making an average of 1½ churches per day.

Rev. Dr. A. G. Kynet, of Philadelphia, one of the secretaries of the Church Extension Society, was introduced and spoke on the work his society is doing.

The Church Extension Society was organized in 1864; the charter was secured in 1865 and the first loan made in the spring of 1869. Up to March 1st, $4,000,000 came into its treasury, $3,025,000 has come from collections only and the balanct from bequests. No less than 8650 churches have been helped up to the first day of the present month.

On Sunday the pulpits were occupied by ministers of the Conference; every church was packed full; a meeting was also held in the Court house and that building was packed to its utmost capacity, hundreds going away not able to get in.

On Monday the Board of Stewards presented their report which showed a total of collections for Conference Claimants of $10.382; $1,776 of which was paid by the Altoona district. $10,000 is the amount asked for next year. A number of resolutions were adopted; also reports of committees. Monday afternoon was devoted to memorial services and Monday evening to the Bible Society anniversary. Conference adjourned on Tuesday morning after the Bishop announced the appointments as follows:

### LIST OF APPOINTMENTS.

ALTOONA DISTRICT.

Benjamin B. Hamlin.....Presiding Elder

*Post Office, Tyrone.*

Allegheny, Henry K Ash.
Altoona, Asbury, James H McCord.
Chestnut Ave., J W Rue.
Eighth Ave., J Ellis Bell.
Fifth Ave., William Moses.
First Church, David S Monroe.
First Church, Epworth Mission, to be supplied.
North, Crawford L Benscoter.
Simpson Church, Emory T Swartz.
Ansonville and Mahaffey, Chas. W Rishel
Bellfonte, Wm A Houck.
Bellwood, James B Stein.
Birmingham, John W Glover.
Clearfield, William A Stephens.
Coalport and Irvona, Asbury W Guyer.
Curwensville, J P Moore.
Duncansville, George E King.
Glen Hope—to be supplied by Job Truax
Half Moon, Andred P Wharton.
Hastings, Charles W Wasson.
Hollidaysbrug, Luther F Smith.
Houtzdale, Herman H Crotsley.
Howard, Nathan B Smith.
Lumber City, Freeman S Vought.
Martinsburg and Woodberry, J B Brenneman.
McKee's Gap, Bruce Hughes.
Milesburg and Unionville, Geo Warren.
Millheim—to be supplied.
Morrisdale, Hugh Strain
New Washington, George Trach.
Osceola, Walter R Whitney.
Penn's Valley, Henry N Minnigh.
Philipsburg, A R Miller.
Pine Grove, Ralph W Illingworth.
Pleasant Gap, John C Young.
Port Matilda—To be supplied by G P Sarvis.
Ramey, Charles A Biddle.
Roaring Spring, Edwid H Witman.
Shawnut—To be supplied by William H Closson.
Snow Shoe, John W Forrest.
Tyrone—First Church, Richard H Gilbert.
" Second " Franklyn M Welsh.
Utahville—To be supplied by L L Logan.
Wallaceton, Emanuel W Wonner.
Warriors Mark, John W Ely.
West Clearfield, Lyons M Brady.
Williamsburg, Frank W Leidy.
Woodland and Bradford, Richard H Wharton.
Samuel Blair City, Missionary, member or First Church, Altoona Quarterly Conference.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE


*Supernumerary and Superannuated Preachers*—John A Woodcock, George B Ague, Thomson A Ague, Jesse R Akers, John W Olewine, Thomas A Elliott.

DANVILLE DISTRICT.

John Donahue.....Presiding Elder

*Post Office, Bloomsbury.*

Ashland, William F D Noble.
Audenreid, Charles M Barnitz.
Beach Haven, Joseph R King.
Benton, Marion J Runyan.
Berwick, Richard Hinkle.
Bloomsburg, William G Ferguson.
Buckhorn, Joseph Gray.
Catawissa, John B Mann.
Catawissa Circuit, William S Hamlin.
Centralia, S Milton Frost.
Conynghan, John H Mortimer.
Danville, St. Paul's Joseph B Shaver.
Trinity, George M Klepfer.
Elysburg, Henry F Cares.
Espy and Light Street, Reuben E Wilson.
Excelsior, To be supplied.——
Fountain Spring, To be supplied——
Feeland, Edmund White.
Gordon, John F Kerlin.
Harveyville, To be supplied.
Hazelton, St. Paul's David H Shields,
Diamond, George M Larned.
Jamison City, Almon W Hontz.
Jeansville, John L Leilich.
Jerseytown, George V Savidge.
Mifflinville, Jonathan R Shipe.
Milnesville, To be supplied.
Mount Carmel, G Tarring Gray.
Muhlenburg, William H Norcross.
Nescopeck, William H Hartman.
Northumberland, Henry M Ash.
Grangevile, Henry A Straub.
Riverside, Alfred L Miller.
Rohrsburg, Elial M Chilcoat.
Schloyerville, Henry B Fortner.
Selinsgrove, James Eckersiey.
Shamokin, First Church, William V Ganoe.
" Second " John Horning.
Shickshinny, John A DeMoyer.
Silver Brook, Wilbert W Cadle.
Snydertown, Nathan B Smith.
Stocton and Beaver Meadow, Oliver S Metzler.
Sunbury, George Leidy.
Town Hill, Seth A Creveling.
Trevorton, Wilbur P Shriner.
Weatherly, John W Buckley.
White Haven, Joseph W Bedford.
W T S Deavor, Prof St John's College, Annapolis, Md., and member of Schloyerville. Quarterly Conference.
*Supernumerary and Superannuated Preachers*—John W Lekie, Irvin H Torrence, Timothy H Tubbs, Henry S Mendenhall, David B McClosky, Gideon H Day, Hugh A Curran, Samuel P Boone.

HARRISBURG DISTRICT.

William W Evans.....Presiding Elder

*Post Office, Harrisburg,*

Airville, Elmer G Baker.
Carlisle, Ezra H Yocum.
Chambersburg, William W Sears.
Dillsburg and Wellsville, Alexander Lamberson.
Duncannon, George M Hoke.
Gettysburg, William H Keith.
Greencastle, Joseph H Price.
Green Village, Josiah C Mumper.
Hanover and New Oxford, Horace L Jacobs.
Harrisburg—Curtin Heights, A S Fasic.
Epworth, G M Frownfelter.
Fifth street, G W Stevens.
Grace, Thomas J Leak.
Ridge Ave., M L Ganoe.
Thirteenth Street, E M Stevens,
St. Paul's Richard H Colburn
Harrisonville—To be supplied.
Hustontown, Owen Hicks and G F Boggs.
Lewisberry, J F Pennington.
Littlestown, John H Diebel.
Liverpool, J P. Benford.
McConnelleburg, Wm A Carver.
Mechanicsburg, Robert W Runnyan.
Mont Alto, J R Melroy.
Mount Holly, J D W Deavor.
New Cumberland, T L Tomkinson.
Newport, P F Strawinski.
Newville and Pine Grove, E M Aller.
Shippensburg, Wm P Eveland.
Stewsberry, Richard Mallalieu.
Stewartstown, Furman Adams.
Waynesboro, Wm McK Reiley.
West Fairview and Marysville, M E Swartz
Wrightsville, C T Dunning.
York—Duke streets, A M Barnitz.
First Church, Jas H McGarrah.
Printess street, Vaughn T Rue.
Ridge Ave., E L Eslinger.
West street, P F Eyer.
York Springs Geo A Singer.
Henry C Whiting and J H Morgan, Professors in Dickinson College, member of Carlisle Quarterly Conference.
Silas C Swallow and Martin L Smyser, Superintendents Conference Book Room. Members of Ridge Avenue, Harrisburg, Quarterly Conference.
*Supernumerary and Superannuated Preachers*—John Stine, J Pierce Bobb, John Z Lloyd, Jas C Clarke, John Vrooman, J H Slicer Clarke, Benjamin F Stevens.

JUNIATA DISTRICT.

J. Max Lantz.....Presiding Elder

*Post Office, Lewistown.*

Alum Bank, Robert M Snyder.
Bedford, Hiles C Pardoe.
Blaine, John S Souser.
Burnt Cabins, William W Rothrock.
Cassville, R H Stine, Elshia Shoemaker.
Clearville, A C Forscht.
Concord, J Bsuner Graham, Daniel E Kaufman (supply.)
Ennisville, Theodore S Faus.
Everett, John A Wood Jr.
Hopewell, John R Dunkerly.
Huntingdon—First Church, Alexander R Lambert.
" Second Church, B H Hart.
Lewistown, John B Polsgrove.
Logan, William C Robbins.
Manor Hill, Andrew W Decker.
Mapleton and Mill Creek, F W Curry.
McConnellstown, Charles W Karns.
McVeytown, Nelson E Cleaver.
Mifflintown, Martin L Drum.
Mount Union, William Brill.
New Bloomfield, Joseph K Kniseley.
Newton Hamilton, Chas V Hartzell.
Orbisonia, William H Stevens.
Petersburg and Alexandria, A B Hoover.
Port Royal, Joshua K Lloyd, to be supplied
Ray's Hill, W R Picken.
Reedsville, George L Comp.
Saxton, Elton H Wallace.
Schellsburg, Elmer E Harter.
Shirleysburg, W H Miller.
Thompsontown, Henry Trevorton.
Three Springs, Lorenzo D Ott.
Wagner S R Rober (supply.)
Wolfsburg, John C Brown.
*Supernumerary and Superannuated Preachers*—William Henry Stevens, George Berkstresser, Lewis A Rudisill, William Schriber William E Hoch, Ceylon W Marshall, Levi S Crone, Martim L Smith, William H Bowden.

WILLIAMSPORT DISTRICT.

Milton K. Foster, ..... Presiding Elder.

*Post Office, Williamsport.*

Austin and Costello, Samuel D. Wilson.
Benezette, Isaiah J. Reeser.
Cogan Valley, Jonathan Guldin.
DuBoistown, To be supplied.
Emporium, E. E. A. Deavor.
Emporium Circuit, to be supplied.
Fairview, J. F. Glass.
Flemington, F. W. Biddle.
Great Island, James H, Morgart.
Hoytsville, James E. Weeks.
Hughesville, G. M. Glenn.
Hyner, John W. Feight.
Jamestown—To be supplied.
Jersey Shore, James M. Johnston.
Kedron, W. J. Shaeffer.
Leidy, H. C. Sterns, (supply).
Lewisburg, Isaac N. Moorhead.
Liberty Valley, R T Whiteley.
Lock Haven, East Main Street, Noah H Schenck.
Lock Haven, Trinity, James H Black.
Loyalsock, Elliott S Latshawe.
Lycoming, C H Campbell.
Mifflinburg, Isaac Heckman.
Mill Hall, John C Wilhelm.
Milton, Benjamin H Mosser.
Montandon, Richard Brooks.
Montgomery, John A. Mattern.
Montoursville, Andrew E Taylor.
Muncy, Amos S Baldwin,
Muncy Valley, W A Lepley.
Pennfield, Samuel Ham.
Picture Rocks, Rollin S Taylor.
Ralston, J S Beyer.
Renovo, Finley B. Riddle.
Salladasburg, R L Armstrong.
Salona and Lamar, Wm W Reese.
Sinnemahoning, Jos. N Anderson.
Waterville, G N Crotsley, (supply.)
Watsontown, Orlando G Heck.
Westport, Samuel Fox.
Wharton, E A Pyle.
Williamsport—Fourth Street, M C Piper.
Grace, G D Penepacker.
High Street, G W Faus.
Mulberry St. B C Conner.
Newberry, A S Bowman.
Pine Street, T S Wilcox.

—An entertainment will be given in Garman's Opera house on Thursday evening, April 6, by young ladies and gentlemen of the Episcopal church, the proceeds to be devoted to repairing the Sunday School room. They will produce the farce of the "Arabian Nights," in three acts. The same parties gave an entertainment some time ago which well pleased all who heard it, and there is no doubt but that the coming entertainment will be equal to the best. If you want to pass a pleasant evening don't fail to see this performance; and if you want to secure a good seat do not put off getting the ticket too long for there will be a crowded house. We understand the tickets are on sale at Parish's drug store on Allegheny street.

### PERSONAL PENCILINGS,

Benner Waddle, Esq., of Waddle station, has lost two valuable cows lately by milk fever

Frank H. C. Cemson, Superentendant of the Scotia ore mines at Benore, was in Bellefonte last Friday. He says they will commence work again in April.

Cyrus Goss and family, who are at present located at Centre Hall, are making preparations to move to Altoona on the third of April. Mr. Goss and family made many friends in Bellefonte during their stay here which was during his term of office as County treasurer.

—Tyrone had a five thousand dollar fire last week; it taxed the utmost efforts of the fire companies to keep it within that limit.

### Bellefonte Markets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Red Wheat, per bushel | $ 72 |
| Mixed wheat per bushel | 68 |
| Buckwheat, new, per bushel | 40 |
| Rye per bushel | 60 |
| Corn (shelled) | 50 |
| Corn (ears) | 45 |
| Oats | 35 |
| Barley | 48 |
| Cloverseed, fair to good | 8 40 |
| do prime and extra prime | 9.00 |
| do choice | 9.60 |
| Flour, retail, per barrel | 5.00 |
| Flour, wholesale | 4 40 |
| Hay choice mixed, per ton | 10.00 |
| " prime timothy " " | 11.00 |
| " choice " " " | 12.00 |

**Provision Markets.**

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apples, dried, per pound | 5 |
| Green apples, per bushel | 50 |
| Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded | 10 |
| Dried Currants, per pound | 10 |
| New Raisins, per pound | 10 — 13 |
| Beans, per quart | 10 |
| Fresh Butter, per pound | 25 |
| Cheese, per pound | 16 |
| Country Hams, per pound | 15 |
| Hams, sugar cured | 18 |
| Shoulders | 17 |
| Breakfast Bacon | 17 |
| Country Bacon | 16 |
| Lard, leaf, per pound | 16 |
| Lard, country, per pound | 12 |
| Eggs, per dozen | 20 |
| Potatoes, per bushel | 85 |
| Dried Beef | 25 |
| Canned Beef, 2 pound can | 25 |
| Country Side, per pound | 10 |
| Canned Tomatoes, per can | 12—15 |
| Canned Corn, per can | 12½—18 |
| Lemons, per dozen | 20 |
| Oranges, per dozen | 40—50 |
| Dried Sweet Corn, per pound | 10 |
| Apple Butter, per gallon | 50 |
| Roller Fleur, per sack | 1 25 |